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JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see date lil. of cover.

No. 283425

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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From *Sportsman*, Feb. 5, 1907.

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JOHN BULL.

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Vol. VI. No. 152. Saturday, May 1st, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

PERSONAL.

AT the close of the Guildhall proceedings in the recent Treasury prosecution, I had to tender to JOHN BULL readers my thanks for their sympathy and encouragement during their progress, and for congratulations on their collapse. Since that date, as I predicted would be the case, I have been engulfed in a vortex of civil litigation—it having been taken for granted that the Treasury case would, as a matter of course, go for trial, and that pending the hearing I should be compelled, as a matter of policy, to compromise every claim brought against me—more especially if it were tinged with what the lawyers call "legal fraud"—such as Mr. Beecham is guilty of when he says that his pills are "worth a guinea a box," or the big West End houses when they advertise their annual "clearance sales" at cost price! Having, however, frustrated the machinations of my chief enemies, I was not disposed to calmly submit to these demands. It is true that in one instance I sustained a qualified defeat—which I at once took steps to have rectified by the Court of Appeal. In the other actions I have had no opportunity of putting forward my version of the facts.

I AM HAPPY, HOWEVER, TO BE ABLE NOW TO ANNOUNCE THAT FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES THIS LITIGATION IS OVER.

All suggestions of bad faith having been withdrawn, matters have been adjusted to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, and I am at length free to resume my public work—which was so rudely interrupted last November. In having, during the interval, refrained from Parliamentary activity, I have adopted the course most consistent with my sense, first, of self-respect, and, secondly, of regard for the dignity and traditions of the House.

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Mr. Asquith said the other day that "he *thought* it was Mr. Disraeli who once said or wrote that the youth of the nation were the trustees of posterity." We must really give the right hon. and learned gentleman a judgeship next year. Who *was* Connie Gilchrist?

We observe that there is a return of Welsh "revivalist" frenzy—with people rolling and writhing on the floor and yelling out, "Come on, brethren, come on, come on! Ha, ha, ha! Glory, glory, glory! Blood, blood, blood!" The Government would be better occupied suppressing this kind of thing than in an abortive effort to disestablish the Welsh Church. Not that we desire to see a law-established Church, either in Wales or elsewhere. But practical politicians should take heed of pressing problems in order of their urgency—and a short Bill to put these mad "revivalists" in a lunatic asylum, and their "leaders" in gaol, would have been more to the point.

And then there are the "revival miracles." The *Daily Mail* should know better than to report them. An insane man came to the house of one of the leaders, who stood over him and shouted, "Come out, you unclean devil, and go back where you belong." And the lunatic jumped up "in his right mind, exclaiming, 'I am clean—I am clean!'" Where the "Unclean Devil" went back to is not stated. Perhaps he remained somewhere about the house. And a woman was cured of cancer, after she had "received the blood"! Where *are* the police? Chasing cigarette-smokers, or minding babies outside the public-houses, we suppose.

Here is a pretty story from Stourbridge: The other evening there was a supper at the Golden Lion Inn, and after it was over, two persons who had assisted with the waiting and had remained to "clean up," were given some supper, with beer, by the landlord—and the Bench, under the guidance of a cranky Clerk, have actually fined him for "selling" beer in prohibited hours! Oh, for that Business Government!

And then we hear of a case at Chatham, where a man was arrested for Street Betting, and, being brought to the station, was consigned to a felon's cell, despite the fact that ample bail was tendered for his appearance. It appears that the Chief Superintendent was responsible for this outrage. If so, who is responsible for the Chief Superintendent?

Some silly little boys, who have been playing at patriotism by pretending to be scouts, or red Indians, or pirates, are now being personally conducted round Germany (of all places) with a great flourish of trumpets. Evidently our prospective invaders are not alarmed by the danger of successful scouting on the part of these children in the Fatherland. But think what an uproar there would have been throughout the length and breadth of the land if Teuton scouts were scouting in Surrey lanes! Why do our pinchbeck patriots persist in parading their absurdity?

To-day is Mr. Lloyd's George's "Golden" opportunity. Will he seize it? We fear not. After all, he is, or was till recently, only a solicitor, and quick as lightning though he be to absorb knowledge, he will be the first to admit that, called upon to handle the problem of the Nation's finance, he is being very "highly tried." What does he—what *can* he—know of finance? He must of necessity rely upon the advice and the information supplied by the permanent officials of the Treasury. He will bring an alert mind, and a shrewd reason to bear upon the matter—just as a barrister does when studying his brief. But Mr. Lloyd George is not a barrister, and, unlike Mr. Asquith, he may not be able, by the gift of an abnormal power of exposition, to dazzle the mind of the country by forensic and rhetorical lightning.

Writing in this Journal on May 16th last year, we challenged Mr. Asquith's estimated surplus of five millions. We said he was not only counting the chickens before they were hatched, but that he was assuming that none of the eggs would be addled; and we added that he was "not justified in treating this estimated surplus as available for appropriation"; and having criticised Mr. Asquith's Budget, as a whole, we remarked, "It is a bit rough on Mr. Lloyd George, *as he will discover next year.*" Well, we wish him luck in his big task.

No good purpose would be served to-day by enlarging upon the proposals we have already advanced for raising new revenue, and, at the same time, effecting economies in the public service. By the time these lines are read, Mr. Lloyd George will have finally shaped his budget and those momentous sheets of figures, from which he will read to the House his estimates and proposals, will be securely resting in the historic despatch box which he will place upon the table about half-past three this (Thursday) afternoon—and which every member will be vainly endeavouring to look into by means of his own mental X-rays. Next week we shall venture, without reserve, to criticise the contents of those sheets.

There are, however, one or two points which should be mentioned. First of all, will the Chancellor play into the hands of the Lords by endeavouring to effect by means of the Finance Bill (which will ultimately embody the Budget proposals) reforms which should be the subject of special legislation? We refer to Land Values. We are not concerned now to discuss the merits of this scheme—they are open to much discussion—but it constitutes a serious innovation in our system of domestic finance, and the Peers would be quite justified in saying, "You must not smuggle it through in this way, but, as with Old Age Pensions last year, you must, concurrently with your Budget proposals, bring in a Bill to deal with it." And there the Peers would be right.

Then as to the eight *Dreadnoughts*. Suppose the Peers say, "We are aware that, by constitutional custom, we must not interfere with the details of Finance, but we are entitled to see that your Budget, as a whole, makes adequate provision for the needs of the Empire; and as you do not provide for the immediate laying down of the number of first-class ships demanded by the circumstances of the times, we send you back your Finance Bill for revision in this respect." Who shall say that here, too, they would be wrong? At any rate, the Government would be bound to yield—or go to the country. We counsel Mr. Lloyd George to bear these two points well in mind.

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Though it may be true that it is not a matter of Imperial importance whether the public galleries of the House of Commons are open or not, it is undoubtedly unfair that they should be closed against decorous and interested citizens (of whom members of Parliament are the servants and not the masters) because two or three people, out for advertisement, have created "scenes." That there is valid objection to a police-court procedure against gallery rowdies may be admitted, but if members think it would be undignified to take the grievances of the House to a magistrate, the galleries should be again opened with some adjustment of the conditions of admission. Members are not justified in dealing with this matter as if it wholly concerned themselves. The public have rights by established custom. Truth is, while visitors cease from troubling, the M.P. is at rest, and he "does not want to be bothered." We suggest that a printed notice should now be hung up in the outer lobby: "The Public Galleries are Closed.—By Order, Christabel Pankhurst."

How is it that, alone among British sports and games, football arouses so much ill-feeling, and often so much savagery in the spectators? At the Glasgow match between the Celtic and the Rangers, the casualties numbered almost those of a minor battle of gory war. A mounted policeman was pulled from his horse, kicked, and stabbed. Ambulance men were stoned while succouring the wounded. A policeman, while bending over an unconscious colleague, had his head split open. A nurse who tried to get to injured men had her cloak torn off her back. Doctors summoned from the infirmary were hustled. And what was the cause of the *mêlée?* Merely that the contestant football teams decided not to play extra time. This all but incredible savagery seems to show that Glasgow is distinguished above all British cities for the number of its football hooligans. The spectators acted more like wild beasts than men. Ruffianism they understand, but to their utter discredit be it said, sportsmanship they have yet to learn.

There is an air of splendid philanthropy in the refusal of Mr. Winston Churchill to benefit by the Government Bill which provides for raising the salary of the President of the Board of Trade. It is not probable that Ministers will swop any more horses crossing stream—for they are nearly over; therefore Mr. Churchill is likely to stay in his present office at £2,000 a year until the General Election, and after that the betting is about six to four on the first President of the Board to net that £5,000 being a Tory. In introducing the Bill, Mr. Asquith did not say whether Honest John will also refuse to have his salary raised from £2,000 to £5,000 at the Local Government Board, for which purpose a Bill seems to be unnecessary. Of course, he will be waving the red rag to the Brotherhood of Man if he takes the £5,000. Yet he has fairly earned a rise. Under his command the Local Government Board has become a Department of live men. And if the salary should be raised—well, as he has already said, he will not be a black-leg. We commend that idea to Mr. Churchill also.

Somebody writes us that "Imported chocolate contains an average of 50 per cent. sugar on which an import duty of 2d. per lb. is levied by the English Customs, while English chocolate-makers pay only ½d. per lb. duty on the sugar they use. The protective incidence due to this interpretation of the existing duty would be removed were the Customs authorities to assess the duties separately on the ingredients of which the article is composed." Q.E.D.

We confess that our admiration for the admirers of the late Mr. Kensit, does not move us to severe indignation against the Rev. the Hon. Leonard Tyrwhitt for his sermon at Burton-on-Trent. Here is what he said :—

> His heart and sympathy went out to that peripatetic travelling troupe kown as the Kensit Clowns in that the county asylums were so crammed and crowded that there was no room for them—their natural and rightful inhabitants. His sorrow was also for the choir men in that time of indecent interruption, inasmuch as the ponds and other large sheets of water were frozen over, and he also sympathised with the choir boys that, engaged as they were in the service, they were unable to use the snow which lay so thickly around them for a natural, useful, and worthy purpose.

The hint was not unnaturally taken. But no ears were nailed to the village pump.

We have received from a correspondent particulars which afford a striking side-light of where the big pots of the Church of England come in when there are "loaves and fishes" about. The Wakefield Cathedral last year received a benefaction of £70,000 under the will of Mr. Michael E. Sanderson. Mr. Michael Sanderson was a bachelor, as was his brother, the late Mr. Thomas Kemp Sanderson, a Conservative Member for Wakefield of the Beaconsfield Parliament of 1874-80, and they amassed their wealth as maltsters. Michael Sanderson was for many years a chorister of the venerable pro-cathedral, gave of his wealth in handsful for the choir funds, and we believe we are right in saying that nearly half of the Cathedral music library there to-day belongs to his executors. Now how is his bequest of £70,000 being allocated? Two canonries are to be created for the two archdeacons. A third canonry, "of lesser value," will go to the new Vicar of Wakefield (whoever heard of a "higher" dignitary of the Church taking a "lesser" share?). An existing canonry is also to be increased in value. The £70,000 will have had a rude shaking when the capitalised value involved by the salaries of these canons is taken from it. Where does the half-starved curate come in, or the voluntary members of the Cathedral choir, most of whom are working men, and good musicians?

But hark a moment! There was buried recently one, Isaac Hardwick, ex-engine driver on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, who for nearly 40 years sung in that same Wakefield Cathedral choir without fee or reward. Not only that, but four of his sons were choir boys there, as well, partly tutored at their father's expense, and two of them were as good as any boy treble soloist who ever sang Cathedral music. According to a local paper, the family of this ex-Cathedral singer were anxious that the funeral should take place on Sunday, to meet the wishes of a great many who were desirous of showing their respect for an old friend. But "the authorities failed to see their way to disturb existing arrangements," so the funeral had to take place on a Monday! But this dead chorister had only been an engine-driver by profession, and having reared respectably a large family, he could not leave £70,000 for the disposal of the Bishop—nor could the Bishop spare a few pounds for his family.

A reader tells us that being summoned the other day for failing to have his child vaccinated, he raised a "conscientious objection," on the ground that vaccination "impregnates the system with an injurious virus that it never gets rid of," and that the case was duly dismissed. But, he adds, "the truth is that I am a firm believer in vaccination, only the youngster has been cutting its teeth for the past three weeks, and we have decided to wait till the teething is over—*it's no good having a convenient law unless you make use of it.*" What says the hon. member for Sleaford?

There is a man at Acton who appears to be between the devil and the deep sea, or, rather, between the milk inspector and the policeman. Supporting existence by the sale of skimmed milk, the inspector tells him not only to shout it, but to shout it loud, so that the inhabitants may know that the cream is really off the top. He acted upon this earnest, hearty, and necessary recommendation the other day, as usual, but a policeman, hearing his voice, he was subsequently summoned for shouting in the streets to the annoyance of the inhabitants thereof, and ordered to pay costs. He is now in a quandary, for if he does not shout "*skimmed* milk," the inspector may have to prosecute him for selling and offering for sale an attenuated article. On the other hand, if he continues to shout, the policeman may haul him in again. If we were in his shoes we should settle the matter by retiring from what is evidently a dangerous calling, summon ourselves for being without any visible means of subsistence and then throw ourselves on the rates.

Hundreds of thousands of people in these islands have never heard of Edward Fitzgerald, whose centenary the Omar Khayyamites have just been celebrating. The real significance of it all is this—that Fitzgerald by his delightful verses represents a view of life which may be expressed briefly in the cry of old, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." In other words, we are here to have a good time whilst we may. The chief defect of this view is that a good time is not possible to all of us. But this at least is true, that many of us do not have as good a time as we might have if we would. We don't live in the sunshine when we get the chance.

The Christian Science nonsense has been in the coroner's court again. This time it was the death of a lady at Sutton, and the jury came to the conclusion that if she had received proper medical attention in her illness her life might have been considerably prolonged. It seems that the lady was told two years ago by her regular medical attendant that she had a cavity in one of her lungs, "but that she would be all right if she took care." She got so much better that the doctor's attendance ceased. Subsequently she fell ill again, refused medical attendance, and went to be treated at the house in Sutton on Christian Science principles. There was no evidence of criminal negligence or anything of that sort. She was properly prayed for and improperly fed—that is all. If people as seriously ill as she stubbornly believe that they can be cured by much prayer and no medicine, there is nothing more to be said, except that it is a pity anybody can be so foolish.

Another strong argument against the Licensing Bill which didn't pass is furnished by the Statistics just issued. They show that the number of licensed persons prosecuted was the smallest on record, and that there was a decrease of 9,261 convictions for offences arising out of drunkenness, following large decreases in previous years. But one of the most significant facts disclosed is that in Wales, where Sunday closing is in operation, there was an increase in convictions. There is every sign that the country as a whole is growing more and more sober, and the Legislature and the teetotal fanatics will best serve the national interests by leaving well alone. They should adopt the suggestion of the Councillor about the two gondolas, and leave nature to take its course.

The *Romford News* evidently possesses a sense of humour. Immediately beneath the report of a Temperance meeting is printed the following pious exhortation: Ask for J. R. D. Robertson's Whisky.

Canon Hensley Henson is off for a prolonged tour in America, and, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, "is likely to suffer severely by the absence of its chief." But what does that matter? It is true that he will continue to draw his £1,000 a year as Canon (his residence being kept for him in the meantime) and his £400 a year as Rector—but we understand that he will leave behind him an excellent curate, at £2 per week; and, after all, that is more than the Founder of Christianity received.

Who shall deny that history, like a spring onion, repeats itself? We have before us the *Illustrated Times*, of February 12th, 1859 (what became of it we know not), containing a leading article on the Naval question, and here are a few extracts:—

> The fact appears to be undoubted that we have not made the *proportionate* advance that other nations have in naval development. All modern changes, instead of superseding the necessity of a competent navy to Great Britain, have, in reality, made it more absolutely necessary than ever . . . while, by innovating upon old methods of building . . . they have increased the expenses of the Service. We are prepared for an increased expenditure, because improvements are constantly being made in the means of naval war . . . but it would be mere waste of money to vote it away without some security through Parliament that the new money shall be more wisely employed than the old. *In our opinion, an entire reform of the Admiralty itself must precede any real and permanent reform of the naval system.*

And this was written fifty years ago!

This gem is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

> The Bishop of Carlisle, at the opening of a mission hall near that city, took occasion to give expression to his views on the subject of dancing. He declared that he had never been able to see any harm in it, and that if he were on the committee of the mission hall, and anyone should ask to have dancing there, he would be one of the first to support the request. What he did not believe in, however, was dancing till two or three o'clock in the morning. He was told the fun did not begin until then, but in his judgment it was very poor fun that did not commence till after midnight.

Isn't this unctuous? You can see the Bishop preening himself on the broadness of his views. Oh! dear no, he really did not think there was anything actually sinful in dancing. Of course it would be much nicer to sing a psalm, but if you insist—well, I will turn my head the other way, and you may indulge in corybantic exercises like King David and General Booth. But only Cinderella dances, mind you, or you may lose your glass slippers of innocency. For Heaven's sake, Right Reverend Father in God, explain why is it virtuous to trip a measure at midnight and anathema to tread the light fantastic at two? Is it a question of daylight saving, Bill?

It is to be hoped that the unpleasant experiences of "A Sticktight Liberal," who sends his complaint to the Press, will be multiplied many times over during the coming summer. Then the leaders of Liberalism will begin to see more plainly that fooling with the licensed victualler and annoying his legitimate customers is not necessarily the best way in which to advance the cause of temperance. "A Sticktight Liberal" was out for the day with a party of children, and he came to a spot where there was a public-house. This house was the only possible place of refreshment within hailing distance. He therefore hailed. The landlady was ladylike and considerate in all ways, but she explained gently but firmly and regretfully that she had no room in her house that was not "mainly devoted to the sale of drink," and, therefore, that she was sorry she could not admit the children!

The only effect of the "Children's Charter" elsewhere, so far as we can see, is to leave many youngsters of the working-class outside licensed premises without proper safeguards, whilst their fathers and mothers drop in for a drink. The idea that drinking would be decreased by making the workman's public-house as pleasant and respectable a place as the well-to-do man's club has not yet percolated into the damp noddles of the gentry with water on the brain. Perhaps it never will; but the general public is just about fed up with what old John Hollingshead used to call smack-us-and-put-us-to-bed legislation; and every bye-election warns official Liberalism of the fact.

And here is an instructive story told by a correspondent who wrote to us on All Fools' Day:—

> To-day I saw a youth of apparently 16 years of age smoking a cigarette as he walked along one of the leading thoroughfares. A young constable caught sight of him. Instantly the youth ran up a side street, closely followed in hot haste by the constable. I do not know what the result was. A few yards further on an old woman, apparently a grandmother, was wheeling a perambulator containing a child "apparently under the age of 14." Passing a public-house she looked up and saw a notice in the window dealing with children "apparently under 14." She left the perambulator and its burden on the pavement and entered. Scarcely had she done so, owing to the child's movements, the perambulator rolled down the pavement and on to the roadway, where it was very nearly run over by a passing motor.

The crisis at Ruskin College is over. The strike may be one of the points in which future Labour leaders should be practised at Oxford, but there was hardly excuse for drastic action. Still less was there any apparent reason for the distorted versions of the dispute that got themselves into sections of the Press. Presumably the fear that logic and sociology were to be shelved was entirely unfounded—which is well. Nor is the independence of Ruskin College to be undermined either openly or insidiously; on the other hand, the trade unions are to be asked to back it more vigorously, and there is to be impartial inquiry into the subject of the recent trouble. Run frankly as a workers' college by workers, not to push any narrow political or social creed, the institution should have a great future. We have several friends there, and are assured that there is no danger of the breeding of prigs or snobs within its walls. "It takes itself seriously, but not too seriously," we are told. That is how we take ourselves.

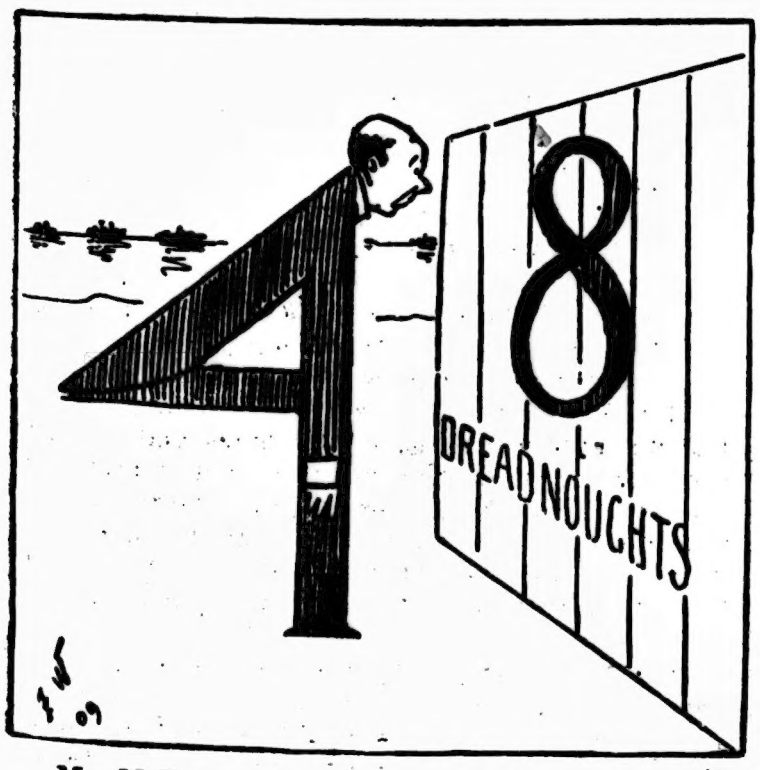
The action of the Swansea police in prosecuting three men for exposing newspapers for sale on Sunday has ended in a fizzle. We made some comments recently on this police Sabbatarianism. It is the old narrow-minded campaign in a new phase, and it is hard to believe that there is anything in English law to justify it. The Chief Constable of Swansea had actually directed the seizure of the men's stock-in-trade—surely a gross violation of authority. It was not alleged that the men had shouted their papers, and no complaints of any kind had been made. Yet the decision of the magistrates is hardly conclusive. They decided in one of the cases that as no caution or intimation to prosecute had been given, they would dismiss, and the two other cases were not proceeded with. What would have happened if the police had cautioned the men can only be guessed. We must hurry up with the John Bull League.

The Hon. Sydney Holland, speaking in defence of vivisection the other day, said: "If they had not got animals upon which they could experiment, then they would be compelled to experiment upon men and women." But don't they, as it is?

Some time ago, we published an article on "Philanthropy and Business." Therein we referred to the action of the Imperial Tobacco Company in putting pressure on their Bristol employees to be vaccinated. The least the Company could have done in the circumstances was to defray the cost of this wholesale arm-scratching. But from certain proceedings of the Bristol Guardians, it looks as if the ratepayers would be saddled with the whole of the cost. The bill of one of the public vaccinators for the last quarter is £313, representing about 2,000 cases. The Clerk of the Guardians would not take the responsibility of saying how many of these cases were actually employed by the Company, but he could and did say that the ratepayers were bound to pay for every person submitting himself to the public vaccinator. It is curious that the previous quarter's vaccination bill was not produced for comparison. At the next meeting the document is to be read, then it will probably be made clearer how much the small-pox scare ukase of the Company is to cost the city. Meantime, the clerk's statement that "Of course, we have no knowledge of the reasons which induced the applicants to be vaccinated; we don't know whether force was put upon them to go to the surgery or not," must remain as the last word in a curious situation.

Those bigoted persons who desire to excise the publican entirely from the social life of the people can hardly realise to what an extent the well-conducted public-house is the centre of working-class organisation in many districts. We were reminded of the fact by the recent invasion of the South of England by the Northern Goths in connection with the Football Cup match. It was a great popular festival, and, like most great popular festivals, it was largely the offshoot of the people's place of social meeting. Quite half of the visitors were members of "Cup clubs." They had paid sixpence per week for about forty weeks into the hands of a trusted publican (who added a few coppers for luck), and, when the great day came, they received their railway ticket, a drive through London, and "a blow-out." No doubt Mr. Philip Snowden would include these young fellows in that "drink-sodden democracy" of which he is one of the representatives, but, personally, we think they were sensible chaps to avail themselves of the means most handy to them of securing a holiday.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXIII.



MR. MCKENNA AND THE EIGHT DREADNOUGHTS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For offering for sale "splendid old copper warming-pan, NEARLY NEW; would exchange part poultry,"
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE EXCHANGE & MART*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting one tramcar, one policeman, and one young lady in an otherwise empty street, and explaining that "it is an interesting sight at times to see the policeman on point duty calmly directing the bewildering maze of traffic. In the above picture the officer is shown at work,"
THE MANCHESTER COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that some people "had simply overslept themselves through a clock going wrong,"
THE SUFFOLK CHRONICLE & MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Fire Brigades "were entirely in the HANDS of their horses,"
CAPTAIN SOMERS, OF BUSHEY,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting the death by gas poisoning of an engine driver, age 23, and his two children, aged 10 and 8 respectively,
THE CLAPHAM OBSERVER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "A German BATTLESHIP, carrying Count Zeppelin and eight others, has done a flight of 100 miles in five hours,"
THE TIVERTON GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing a man as having "smooth-shaven mutton-chop WHISKERS,"
W. T. STEAD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For this remarkable calculation: "Punctually at the time, a minute or two BEFORE rather than AFTER the half-hour, the bride entered,"
THE BUCKINGHAM EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following ambiguity: "Nurse (lady), one little girl, nearly two; good needlewoman, for country.—Full particulars, P14, Daily Post,"
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "Some thieves had a successful coup in North London yesterday afternoon, breaking into the Black Cat public-house, Camden High Street, during closing time, and making off WITHOUT £60 in cash from the till,"
THE MORNING ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: "Next the audience were favoured by Miss Dorothy Hilton (Miss Gladys Hanmer Jones) who, we regret to say, was suffering from a throat affliction and was only able to sing ONCE. She sang 'Babylon' .... and was greeted with great applause, and in return to a hearty ENCORE she sang 'The Rose,'"
THE MONTGOMERY COUNTY TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For referring in his "notice" of "The School for Scandal" at His Majesty's, to Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Lionel Brough and Henry Neville as "OLD VETERANS," and to Miss Marie Lohr as a "LITTLE MINIATURE,"
THE 'PRENTICE DRAMATIC CRITIC
OF *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting some horses as "ploughing in the orchard" with a harrow,
THE FARMER AND STOCKBREEDER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SULTAN.

By Herbert Vivian.

Probably no character in history has been shrouded in more mystery or subjected to more varied interpretation. His Majesty has been held personally responsible for every drop of blood shed within his dominions during a long reign; he has been vilified with incredible violence, and that not only by tub-thumpers and crazy poetasters, but even by a famous statesman and a popular divine.

An Echo of the Crusades.

I am at a loss to explain the psychology of this blind, unreasoning fury. The King of the Belgians is certainly a cynical old reprobate, garnering gold in rivers of black blood; Peter Karageorgevitch undoubtedly won his shaky throne by inspiring savage mutilations; the Tsar represents a *régime* far more oppressive than any ever endured on the Golden Horn. But they have never inspired that ferocious hatred, which mild-mannered men and women reserved for the Commander of the Faithful. One explanation, howbeit insufficient, may be found in some strange atavistic survival of the Crusades, some subconscious desire to acquire merit by campaigns against Mahound. A calm judicial survey of Abdul Hamid's reign certainly affords no pretext for the wild frenzy which has been displayed.

Bulgarian Bunkum.

Let us consider the Sultan's alleged crimes in cold blood. Heckle one of the Chadbands of the notorious Balkan Committee, and he will prate of Bulgarian atrocities and Armenian massacres. What are the facts? Holy Russia, coveting Constantinople, stirred up a rebellion among certain Christian subjects of the Ottoman Empire. The rebellion was repressed with vigour. If it had not been so repressed, the Turks would have been taunted with weakness instead of brutality, and the campaign would have proceeded on the same lines. When a rebellion is suppressed, it is always easy to expand hard cases into organised atrocities. Orangemen in Ireland adopted similar tactics to discredit the Parnellite party. The whole game may be summed up as Methods of Journalism.

Atrocious Armenians.

The Armenian conspiracy was even worse. I have always laughed—the gods must have laughed too—over the spectacle of anile Protestants shaking their curls and their missionary boxes on behalf of the most crafty, cowardly, treacherous and superstitious race in the world. One Greek is said to be able to trick three Jews, but one Armenian can cozen the whole Peloponnesus. Not daring to come out into the open, these stealthy, murderous desperadoes stabbed men in the back, threw bombs, broke into banks, committed every crime compatible with comparative safety. Still the missionary boxes rattled gaily on their behalf, still the parrot-cry went up to Heaven, still the Sultan was vilified whenever Moslems ventured to retaliate. Some twelve years ago I read an anecdote in a book by a Young Turk. He was discussing the question of the hour with a Kurdish chief, who suddenly asked him if he had ever met an Armenian. "Of course," was the reply. "Ah! yes," said the Kurd, "but I do not mean an Armenian of the cities of Franghistan; I mean an Armenian of Armenia. See that hillock yonder. If an Armenian were asked to describe it, he would tell of a great mountain covered with forests and infested with brigands. See those small boys clamouring for coins. If they had asked him for baksheesh, he would have run away and lodged a complaint at the consulate that he had been waylaid, threatened with death, and robbed of all that he possessed." Such people almost invite massacre, but, when they are massacred, why blame His Majesty any more than the Man in the Moon?

A Benevolent Despot.

The worst that can be fairly charged against His Majesty is that he represents the old-fashioned, Conservative type of Turk. But even so, he has always taken his place in the vanguard of Progress. He volunteered a Constitution over thirty years ago; he is believed by many to have engineered the regeneration of last July. If he failed to establish representative government in 1876, the fault was that of Holy Russia and her Tsar Liberator, who had no desire to liberate Moslems or consolidate their power. In fact, the Sultan was driven to absolutism. And abuses were unavoidable. It would be idle to deny that many officials were corrupt, that finances were in disorder, that the development of the country was retarded. But for all this a large measure of responsibility rests with interfering strangers.

The Grand Diplomacy.

Even the Sultan's bitterest detractors have always admitted his supreme skill as a diplomatist. None knew so well as he how to play off one nation against another, how to smooth away the most dangerous difficulties, how to utilise procrastination as an antidote to force. Moreover, premature attempts at reform would have been worse than useless. As recent events have shown, the religious and reactionary forces of the Empire are sturdy and militant. To provoke them would have been to provoke disorder, perhaps even civil war. But the Sultan knew the needs of his own people better even than the amateur statesmen of Exeter Hall and the Balkan Committee.

Courage, Charm, and Culture.

At any rate, this tyrant, whom it has been the fashion to compare with Commodus and the Borgias, has known how to win the affection of the masses of his subjects. At the last Selamlik, when the rumour was that he had only to choose between death and deposition, the crowds gave him a splendid ovation, cheering and invoking benedictions with the utmost enthusiasm. And all who have been privileged to know His Majesty are agreed in admiring his courage, his culture, his personal charm, and his many virtues. When there was a fire at Yildiz some years ago, he averted a panic of his courtiers by his calmness, and personally directed the operations of the firemen. Again, the other day, when the wildest rumours were current, he appeared in public, and eye-witnesses reported that he was the only man in the crowd who showed no sign of alarm or anxiety. His tastes are of the simplest, neither the pleasures of the table nor the orgies usually associated with Oriental potentates have any attraction for him. He is an indefatigable worker, rising in the small hours and retiring very late at night. He is possessed of deep learning, well-read, a fine judge of music, witty and agreeable in private intercourse. His devotion to his children is well-known, his generosity is profuse, and many of his courtiers can tell of kind actions and thoughtfulness and sympathy lavished by His Majesty without the least expectation of gratitude.

Di Meliora. . .

It is impossible to repress a feeling of sadness over the tribulations which have overtaken this distinguished monarch in the evening of his days. Whatever we may think of his policy and of the traditions he represents, we cannot fail to do homage to the great historic figure, to the brave and kindly old man, to the head of a pure religion, which commands the allegiance of millions of our fellow-subjects. As I write, his fate seems trembling in the balance, contradictory rumours fill the air. But I, for one, still venture to join the loyalists of Islam in their ancient, hallowed cry: *Padishahim chok yasha*, long life and prosperity to the Commander of the Faithful!

PLEASURE.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

I have now come to the conclusion that pleasure does not exist, any more than Truth, or Beauty, or Wisdom, or, if it does, it is an overrated pleasure. At any rate, there is no such thing as absolute Pleasure. Try living on the fat of the land for a week, denying yourself none of the richest masterpieces of great cost, none of the most famous vintages in historic cellars, none of the glamour of Gargantua. Very soon you will be sighing for the simplicity of steaks and ale. The fact is, variety is essential to pleasure, and variety is alas essentially finite, futile, illusive.

The Usury of Pleasure.

Every pleasure, too, must be paid for with heavy interest. It entails a reaction for which no sensual gratification can ever compensate. Did not Hafiz say something to the effect that a thousand years of happiness do not atone for a single instant of sorrow? Consider any of the common conceptions of Pleasure: wine gratifieth and exhilarateth for a while, wine maketh a cheerful giver; but lassitude follows in the morning; love induces subtle emotions, but also bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousy, despair,; the ordinary gamut of dissipation is one long distracting discord. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the Crow. And vanity at harsh and unconscionable usury. If it were possible to bring an action against Fate, I would also allege duress and fraud.

Grim Gaiety.

I was recently reading a book which described the alleged gaieties of Paris, the alleged metropolis of Pleasure. It reminded me of the two bedraggled females who asked one another on the pavement, "How long have you been gay?" For gaiety in Paris seems to resolve itself into a habit of sitting up very late at night, swilling bad champagne and consorting with brainless reprobates. For some unexplained reason, conduct which would be regarded as imbecile at home is transfigured into a giddy orgy when it occurs in some low coffee-house to the accompaniment of some barbarous band and perhaps a disgusting dance. Yet night after night, week after week, you may find the same half-witted half-world wasting time and health in the same miserable monotony, grasping at the same bog-trotting will-o'-the-wisp.

Pleasure as a Profession.

No doubt one explanation is to be found in the fact that there are sellers as well as purchasers of Pleasure. If we merely made merry with our friends, we might take a wholesome natural enjoyment. But think of the folly, the humiliation of letting ourselves go in the company of a pack of harpies who make a living as purveyors of Pleasure: shady innkeepers, potmen, dancers, murderers of music, and all other parasites, male and female, after their kind. I suppose that for certain persons, the attraction of frequenting public places is to be found in the opportunity of making promiscuous acquaintances. But you will see many respectable and otherwise sane ladies who delight in consuming supper, or even tea, in some crowded caravanserai, regardless of discomfort and discourtesy, merely because they may gape upon rich dresses and diamonds. There must be some subtle attraction about lights and babbling throngs, so subtle that it passes my understanding. After all, moths are susceptible to a similar fascination.

Empty Entertainment.

Consider all those sorry functions which in irony are intitulated entertainments. Poor hard-working persons—like grocers, and bank clerks, and seamstresses, and men-servants, and money-lenders' touts—imagine that the play's the thing. O! the limelight, hey for the stalls, what silks and satins shimmer in the loose boxes. But those of us who, for our sins, are driven to the drama, know that the dominant notes are yawns, perspiration, headaches, anarexia, bile, thirst and hypochondria—the seven deadly doldrums, to wit. The vagrant who presses his nose against the glass of Gunter, the charwoman who smuggles home tea-leaves in the folds of her petticoat, the potwolloper whose convivial horizon is bounded by a "social" in a tin tabernacle—how their mouths would water, how their eyes would glow, how their hairs would stand on end if the pleasure of their company were solicited to a real dinner-party. Whereas, you and I, dear patient reader, la! how we curse and groan when we find it impossible to escape that function. To us it means insipid chatter, flimsy food, mixed drinks, and the waste of precious hours. Concerts, dances, drums, routs, garden-parties, court functions, all the namby-pamby, flabby, flatulent expressions of senile solemnity afford entertainment only to those who are lowly enough to escape these calls on their good nature.

Pleasure and Pain.

I have said that all true pleasure has to be paid for in coin of pain. And it is not altogether a paradox to say that pain is an essential attribute of pleasure. Take the real joys of life: a record run with the hounds, a successful scrimmage, any victory of mind over matter, and you must admit that your sublimest sensations have but to be flogged out of you. Pleasure means coursing blood, a galloping consumption of tissues, a surrender to animal instincts. And all these are inevitably followed by some reaction, at least by some regret.

Lost Opportunities.

Perhaps our bitterest regrets are reserved for the pleasures we have foregone: for the maiden whom we were too honourable to kiss, for the Lady Potiphar, for the bottle which returned uncorked to the cobwebs, for hesitation in pulling a hostile nose. It is odd that our past virtues should stink in our nostrils like the present vices . . . . of others. Moral for memsahibs: Be as good as you can now, provided you have been very reckless in the past. This is a revised version of the twaddle about: To-morrow we'll be sober. How could any one be sober to-morrow (except that to-morrow never comes)? We owe allegiance to the hair of the dog that worried the cat.

Pax Vobiscum.

Now for a real quiet talk in the confessional. I will tell you what I regard as true pleasure, then you may all write and say what mundane miseries you mistake for the moon of your delights. If I were not an Early Christian, I should certainly be a Buddhist, for Nirvana is unquestionably the finest form of Paradise. I confess that the atmosphere of the New Jerusalem (cinnamon and chrysoberyls) appeals to me ineffably. But O! my dear friends, the novelty of nothingness. The country with no history is already a proverb for felicity. If we could only have no emotions, no morals, no worries. Muhammad preached houris in Elysian fields, but surely they would have wearied us. Nirvana, on the other hand, suggests a sweet surrender to the gorgeous glamour of perfect peace. The nearest approach to it in this troublesome world is to lie flat on your back under an umbrella and listen to the lullaby of many waters. But even then there might be mosquitoes, and presently there might be hunger, or some brute might bring a flask of wine and a beloved. Sleep is a very great pleasure, and Death might be yet greater if we could only be sure that it was really death. The greatest pleasure, of course, would be to have avoided being born.

However, I find some pleasure in doing good, in being ever the faithful Slave of Duty (with a big, big D).

ANOTHER GRUMBLE FROM TOMMY.

Pressure upon our space has prevented the earlier publication of the following. Thank goodness, the snow has gone!

Dear Sir,—May I disturb your precious time for a minute with a grumble? I am writing from one of the hutments of Risborough Barracks, Shorncliffe. In short, Sir, we are being slowly flooded out with the melting snow, which, like the rain, is being blown through under the roof, through the wooden walls, and through the ill-fitting window sashes. There is scarcely a dry patch of boarding and floor in the hut. We can put up cheerfully with the draught, Sir, but this snow and rain is beyond a joke. Very few of the other huts are in any better state, while some are even worse. All the efforts of the men occupying the hut are ineffectual in meeting the steady dripping of the water. During the daytime, when we are free, we can keep ourselves alive and warm by means of banging snowballs at each other, or else we crowd the soldiers' Homes and swamp them with slush, while some few have recourse to the wet canteen. But at night, Sir, what are we then to do? We use all the available mess-tins, washing-bowls, tea-buckets, and the mugs we drink our tea from, but these are quite inadequate to catch the drench.

Tommy grumbles, Sir, certainly not in proportion to the miscomforts he finds. So I ask you, Sir, if somebody could be induced to send along here a few of the unemployed carpenters and tinsmiths, with a little putty, etc., to patch up our homes for us?

The North Staffords have to thank you in a great measure for the benefit they are now enjoying owing to a recent certain exposure in your paper (you know to what I refer), and so we have every confidence in your ability to intercede for us with the powers whom we are unable to approach.

"ANDRA" SCOTT GIBSON.

THE MAN WHO DEFIES THE GLASGOW TOWN COUNCIL.

By St. Mungo.

Everyone in Glasgow knows Councillor Scott Gibson—"Andra." He has achieved the record of having been suspended oftener than any member since the Council was a Council. "Andra" is a law unto himself. He belongs to no party. His sword is never in its scabbard. Woe to the man who crosses swords with him, for he is an accomplished fencer and fights to wound or vanquish.

When first I knew "Andra" he was a stripling whose eloquence brought him hats of coppers at Wellington Street corner. He was also one of the famous debaters on Glasgow Green. Never without a taking text, his eloquence drew huge audiences. Then the people saw in him a leader who would redress their wrongs and represent their wants in the civic Parliament.

He was put up as one of the members for Springburn, and his really wonderful gift of the gab, his surprising knowledge of Town Council jobbery and snobbery, sent him in with such a thumping majority that even his own supporters were amazed.

When he entered the "Marble Halls" in George Square he at once made things hum. "Andra" wanted to know this, that, and the other thing, and he got to know them too. There were scenes, but the people were at his back, and when he thought it necessary he called public meetings to protest against the Council going against the people's will. Sir Samuel Chisholm, who was then in the Council—he was one of the ablest Lord Provosts of Glasgow—had his knife in "Andra" from almost the very start. Sir Samuel could not understand this young and outspoken Democrat who had no reverence for traditions, or for the matter of that, for anything else.

The day came when Sir Samuel had to seek re-election for the Woodside Ward. "Andra" then threw a bombshell which took the whole city by surprise. He resigned his seat for Springburn; boldly announced that he was going to fight Sir Samuel in the Woodside Ward, and predicted the latter's defeat. Every weapon which money and class could procure was turned on this young demagogue. But he played his cards well, even though at times he did play for the "gallery" alone. What excitement there was on the polling day! The whole city was in a state of unrest, and when "Andra" came out at the top of the poll and Sir Sam had to retire crestfallen and very much disgusted, everyone asked, what next?

Of course, this did not please the men "who are accounted the orthodox" of the Council—the men who think that in them alone is wisdom to be found, and when it came to the distribution of honours in the shape of Bailie's chains there was no chain for Andra.

And he was exceeding wroth. He planned new revenges, and since that time he has made it hot for many of his enemies of those earlier days. His recent appearance in the Court of Session—he conducted his own case—when he was sued for slandering Bailie W. F. Anderson—"the hat trick" was one of the charges—resulted in a verdict being given against him for £700. But "Andra" will not pay this sum in a lump sum, for he confessed at the trial that he had hardly a penny he could call his own. As recently as Thursday of last week he refused to withdraw from the Council when suspended. He stood at bay, even when four officers went to "shift" him, and it was only when he was tired of hurling rather strong language at his enemies that he lifted his papers and strode from the building.

"Andra" is spoken of as the coming Parliamentary candidate for the Camlachie Division, but whether he will run as a nominee of the Labour Party is not yet certain.

In private life "Andra," who is a slim young fellow, just gone thirty, would never be taken for the fighter he is. He jokes of his tussles, but, when roused, there comes a gleam in his eye which testifies that he is the type of man that will fight against odds until he drops. Anyone who has a grievance writes to "Andra." His correspondents often hide the real facts of a case, and in this way this civic Grayson gets sometimes cornered and has to retire. While he has not accomplished very much constructive work since he entered the Council, he has certainly made both the officials and many of the members more careful in the way they handle the money of the citizens. He has exposed not a few municipal scandals; has assisted the labouring classes in the employment of the Corporation to get an advance, as well as prevented the higher-paid officials from becoming pampered pet dogs of the municipality. When "Andra" really comes to his own and forgets a little of what his rough and tumble early life taught him, he ought to prove a valuable representative either in the Civic or Imperial Parliament.

"JUSTICE" IN NATAL.

We have had occasion more than once to direct attention to the peculiar way in which justice, as it is called, is administered in Natal. The treatment of Dinuzulu is a striking illustration of how the Natalian authorities construe the word when a Kaffir is concerned. But to be fair to them, these authorities are consistent—consistent in ill-doing. It is not only the native of Natal who has experience of their peculiar ideas of how justice should be administered. The Asiatic immigrant is treated in similar fashion. Here is an illustration to which our attention has been directed by that indefatigable friend of the coloured folk, Mr. L. W. Ritch, of the South African British Indian Committee.

It seems that a man named P. D. Simmons, of Mooi River district, had indentured to him in the early part of February last, two Indians, a man named Ramsamy and a woman named Poli. They were living together as man and wife, and had two children, one an infant in arms. For some reason or other not disclosed, Simmons tied the man up to a nail and whipped him severely. The victim got away and then Simmons tied him to the rafter of a room and lashed him till he himself was overcome with fatigue, and the man's back was one mass of raw and quivering flesh. Simmons then warned the wretched coolie against making any complaint, but in the night Ramsamy and his family fled to the nearest magistrate and told their tale.

The magistrate took the man's deposition and then directed him to return to the estate pending inquiry. But Ramsamy not unnaturally feared further gross ill-treatment if he went back after complaining to the magistrate, and he and his family fled to Durban to complain to the Protector of Immigrants. The Protector inquired if he had made his complaint to the local magistrate, and declined to interfere on learning that this had been done. He ordered the man to return to his employer under penalty of imprisonment.

Meantime, Simmons informed the police that Ramsamy and Poli had deserted from his estate, and the authorities having traced them to the Protector's Office, arrested them there without demur on that official's part. They were charged before Mr. Warner in the Durban Court, under Sec. 31 of Act 25 of 1891. They explained to the magistrate the circumstances of their flight. He said the complaint would be investigated, and sent them to jail for seven days for refusing to go back to their employer. The two infants accompanied them to the prison.

At the end of the seven days Ramsamy was returned under escort to his employer, but Poli and the two children were taken to the Protector's Office and nothing has since been heard of them. As the woman was without resources, and has to support two babies, it is most probable that she has had to take to the streets in order to avoid starvation.

As a result of the magisterial investigation into the complaint against Simmons, a summons was issued. He was found guilty—and was fined 10s.

Such is the story as it comes to us from Mr. Ritch. It is a horrible story, and perhaps the most disheartening thing about it is the failure of the Protector of Immigrants to do his duty. The experience of the West Indies taught the Government of India that if indentured immigration was to work satisfactorily, and if the immigrants were to be properly protected, there must be an Immigration Department, whose staff should be responsible to the Imperial Government only, and whose duty it would be to see that the immigrants were treated with justice. That protection has been effective in the West Indies because the officials of the Immigration Department are responsible to the Imperial Government, and to it alone, for the discharge of their duties, and the planting interest cannot injure the zealous and honest Inspector. In Natal the same Department is supposed to exist, but it is similar only in name, and it is so because its staff are nominated not by the Imperial Government but by the Government of Natal—a Government, unhappily, which thinks little about justice, and much of supporting the white man, right or wrong, in his dealings with the Asiatic and the Kaffir.

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FOOD AND OLD AGE.

By Richard Penlake.

Should we try to live to a hundred? someone asked recently. Country folks often do it without any trying. I want to know how it is we live at all. I am led to ask this question because of the various articles and reports we have seen lately about the evils of sleeping, smoking, eating, and a hundred and one other things.

I have just returned from a short st../ in the fenlands of Cambridgeshire, in the capital town of which live—or did, at any rate—two of our greatest authorities on the simple life. Now what did I find in those damp, unsanitary, out-of-the-way boggy lands? I saw and conversed with scores—nay, hundreds—of healthy farm labourers and others, whose lives I enquired into very fully, who knew nothing of vegetarianism, or of the so-called evils of flesh-eating, strong smells, sleeping, smoking, etc.

One subject—a horrible example, shall I say?—I came across was working hard in the damp and boggy fields. He told me that he was eighty-five years of age "come next quarter day"; he was healthy and well, had smoked a strong-smelling old clay pipe ever since he could remember, he had had his "pint at the Wheatsheaf" at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and another—perhaps two—at night, for nigh upon sixty years regularly. He lived upon pickled pork—very fat—pickled cabbage, with an occasional bit of "butcher's meat" on a Sunday. He "growed" his own vegetables, always had a heavy supper at night, and went straight to bed after it, not even waiting for the "missus," who "cleared away." Not a single bottle of medicine had been supplied to his household by the doctor. His children—seven of them—were healthy and strong until they went to London, and, to use his own words, "took up some new-fangled ideas of living," when they at once became poor and weak, and were never free from the doctor.

The bedroom he and his wife had slept in for over fifty years had only a very small window, which during the last forty or more years had been "stuck," and therefore never opened. And yet I guarantee that among the faddists there is not such a hale and hearty old man. This is not an isolated case, for I found scores of such.

At one village, in the midst of an evil-smelling yard, as unsanitary as it could be from an inspector's point of view, I found another splendid specimen of manhood, aged seventy-five. Commenting upon the smells, he told me that it was a thousand times worse before the "interfering County Council" made him move one of the out-houses, and since then his wife had not been nearly so well. From his conversation, I gathered that he gave up beer about five years ago, and now drank nothing but gin or whisky. He gave up his pipe recently because the smoke upset his "missus." He lived almost entirely on pork, cheese, and white bread, with a few vegetables now and then. What I marvelled at most was his perfect set of beautiful white teeth, which he had never cleaned. I wonder if the "nutters" and other food reformers can point to such a specimen among their class.

The mention of smells and the thought of evil-smelling places reminds me of my residence in Jerusalem, undoubtedly one of the most unsanitary places on earth, and yet to what a great age the inhabitants live!

At another Cambridgeshire village, I came across a man of about eighty years of age, whose mother died but recently, and whose family are noted for longevity. How had he lived beyond the allotted span of life? Late and heavy suppers, pickled pork, pickles, rotten cheese, and plenty of white bread. Very few vegetables, because they gave him indigestion, and plenty of beer and whisky. His old clay pipe was rarely out of his mouth; his eyesight was perfect, better by far than mine, and his mother and father never wore spectacles. One bottle of medicine was all he had had from the doctor, and that he threw into the River Cam.

What conclusions must we young and puny men come to, when we have brought before us cases of this character? Must we live on oatmeal, vegetables, brown bread, nuts, etc.? Must we give up smoking, drinking, and other luxuries of life, not forgetting cold fat pork and pickles? I for one shall not. I have tried my best to retain health and strength by living chiefly on some of the new, up-to-date foods and diets advocated by the leading reformers, but have failed. Vegetarian and nutty strongholds will see no more of me, for I am going back more determined than ever to the old-fashioned mode of living, the way my grandparents in the damp and dismal fens lived. I have ordered in some pickled pork, white bread, and other horrible things, for I am sure that I cannot be in a worse state of health.

PIT PONIES.

We have received the following letter:—

Dear Sir,—I have followed with interest the recent correspondence with reference to alleged ill-treatment of horses and ponies engaged in mining operations; but have been too busy to write you before now.

It may be of interest to note that the worst offenders as regards overworking the animals are not the small colliery proprietors whose mines turn out an average of 150 tons of coal per day, but the huge concerns with an output of 2,000 tons per day, who are also continuously gratifying their shareholders with correspondingly huge dividends.

The fact that the average life of underground horses in this coalfield is regarded as six years speaks for itself.

It is quite a common occurrence to see horses falling on the roadways from sheer exhaustion, due to having worked 24 to 30 hours at a stretch without adequate rest.

There are other phases of the "cruelty" question, such as the cruel manner in which horses are compelled to lie on ragged and jagged edged floors without absolutely any kind of bedding provided, with the result in many cases that they cease to lie, and seek slumber in a standing posture. Very often during such unsatisfactory slumber they fall against the wood and iron work, and cut themselves badly.

Again, the "grooming" they receive from the hands of the "ostler" is most unsatisfactory, and in many cases the quality and quantity of food could well be improved and increased. Pressure of duties prevent me from going into the question at any great length, but I think sufficient light has been thrown on the dark recesses of the mine to warrant decisive action by the N.S.P.C.A.

In case some reader may question my status as a writer on this subject, allow me to add, in conclusion, that I am writing with the experience of a practical working miner for fifteen years in the South Wales mines, plus half-a-dozen years in an important official position in one of the largest mines.

I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours sincerely,

Home Office Certificated Mine Manager.

Britain Beyond the Seas.

And now for the other side. A Durham miner writes us from Murton, S.O.:—

Please find enclosed a photograph of a pit pony, which, having regard to the recent discussion in John Bull, I think will be of interest to you. This pony, "Soldier" by name, was recently brought to "bank," having been down the pit 25 years, and in that time only been to the surface once, during a strike. After 25 years' of faithful service for the South Hetton Coal Company, the management "pensioned" him off, but sorry to say he did not live long to enjoy his freedom.

Much could be said for and against the treatment of pit ponies, and I may at some future date have an opportunity of expressing my opinion upon the subject, having worked with the ponies seven years as driver and "putter."

Pony "Soldier," after Twenty-five Years' Service for the South Hetton Coal Company, at South Hetton.

They have a hard life, no doubt; but then so have the men. The greatest fault I have to find is the long hours they sometimes have to work; yet this is only exceptional, such as when there is a shortage of ponies or extra work at certain districts. They are well fed and stabled, and also well attended to.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

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SCHOOL AND GAOL.

How Some Magistrates Treat Misfortune.

For many years Mr. Arthur Dale was Boxing Instructor to the Forces at Aldershot, and was respected by all who knew him. Illness compelled him to throw up his appointment there, and its continuance—he was suffering from varicose ulcers—brought him into very low water, he having a wife and seven young children to provide for. In these circumstances the question of "boots" is always a very serious one. One of his little girls had none fit to wear in the wintry weather, and her mother consequently kept her from school. Thereupon there was the usual visit from an Inspector and summons before a police magistrate. Dale went before Mr. Hopkins at Lambeth. He told his tale—a very simple one—and the magistrate answered it by fining him 10s. or seven days' imprisonment. As if a man of blameless record, stricken by illness, would have allowed his child to go barefooted if he could put his hand on 10s. to pay a fine! Dale was given a week wherein to pay it, and at the end of the week the Inspector appeared again, took out another summons, and thereupon the magistrate again fined Dale 10s. or seven days. If it was impossible for him to find 10s., it was not easier for him to find 20s., and so, after another few days and three visits from the police when he was away from home, he was roused from his bed between 10 and 11 o'clock one night, and hurried off to Carter Street Police Station. There, ill as he was, he was put in a cell with a plank bed. Next morning he was taken to Wandsworth Gaol. At Wandsworth he was treated with great barbarity. He was stripped when he went in, in front of three warders and a crowd of rascals in for all sorts of offences. During the week he was fed on skilly, and his work was oakum picking. From the time he went into his cell until he left it, seven days afterwards, he was allowed no exercise—being kept in the cell the whole of the time, and although the prison doctor ordered him to be allowed to rest on a bed to help his leg, he was not permitted to use his bed as directed. At the end of the seven days he left the prison.

No doubt it was all quite legal. The law says that a man must send his child to school—to a Board School, if he cannot afford to send him or her to another. The law says that if a man does not send his child to a Board School he may be fined, and, in default of payment, be imprisoned. And the law says that for this offence he is to be treated just as the worst criminals who find their way to gaol are treated. That is the law. And Mr. Dale suffered nothing more than what the law permits.

And yet in a civilised community one would have thought that magistrates would exercise some discretion in their administration of the law as it relates to sending children to school. If a man flaunts the law, and refuses to send his child to school when he is able to do so, then magistrates only do their duty to the community in sending that man to gaol. But where a decent man has been reduced to extremity by illness and consequent unemployment—where he has to choose between allowing his young child to go into the streets on February mornings, without shoes to her feet, and breaking the law, and decides to break it, surely a just magistrate—a magistrate who considers it worth while to give a moment's thought to the case before him—will exercise the discretion vested in him, and refuse to make bad worse by sending a man who has committed no crime to herd with criminals, and leave his wife and children to such charity as the Parish may offer them.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLI.

The following letter will be read with interest. We do not agree with the writer's strictures upon the writer of "Human Document No. XL.," but in these namby pamby days it is pleasant to find a man who, faced by grave and permanent trouble, does not whine. If any reader would like to send our correspondent the cast-off suit he asks for, and will send it to us, we shall be happy to forward it.

I have just been reading the Human Document in to-day's John Bull (No. XL.), and consider if the "thing" is a man at all, he won't want to part with his children, and if his is a case for sympathy at all, I myself ought to have the Victoria Cross. But there is only one thing that I am in want of, and which I will tell you further on. Here you have a draughtsman who will have had twice the wages I have ever received, also is a widower, and therefore no wife to keep, and because of the "terrible disgrace" and mental strain he wants to part with his children. Is he a human being? Now for my own case. I have also three children, aged respectively 13, 11, and 9. When the youngest was 9 months old my wife went mentally wrong, and was nearly a year in West Riding Asylum at Menston, through suckling the child beyond her strength. When she came back home she kept well in health for about a year, and then started with something the matter with her nerves, and from then until now she has not been able to do work in the house at all. She has got gradually worse, and has lost the use of her arm and leg, and is now in Leeds Infirmary helpless. She has been there 5 weeks, and a message to-day says "no change." Two years ago we had the doctor to her. He called her ailment tetany, whatever that may be, and his account was £2 4s. Last spring we had the doctor again to her, and had nurses night and day for 4 weeks, and a nurse at days only for a further 9 weeks. The doctor's account is £5 7s., and he said her ailment was appendicitis or peritonitis—I forget which. Nine years ago my wages were 27s. 6d. per week; to-day they are 35s., and I have never had more than this; yet my children have always had plenty to eat and to wear, and I would not part with them for money untold. I don't know whether you will publish this or no, but if you do, and some fool sends you any money, send it to Leeds Infirmary. I don't want it; but what I do want is a cast-off suit or two. I have not been able to buy a new one for years, and I am sure there will be thousands of your readers who would not miss a cast-off suit. Height, 5ft. 9in.; weight, 11st. 7lb.

P.S.—My case is well-known here, and if you care to prove my words, write to *anyone* in Otley.

With reference to "Human Document No. XL.," and the appeal of the writer to childless couples to take, if only for a time, one of his young children, we have received two offers, which we have communicated to the writer in question.

PARLIAMENT HALL.

(With apologies to the late Lord Tennyson.)

The Right Hon. H. H. —sq—th:—

Comrades, let us change the subject, no more talk about the Lords,
Than to face the country's verdict, better far to eat our words.

Better far to sit in silence, though the people's will they flout,
Than to straightway face the hustings, where we all may be kicked out.

When I threatened deeds so valiant, little thirst had I for fame,
Surely you will understand it, you who oft have done the same.

True, the peers are autocratic, true they cross the people's will,
But—the people seem to like it—so, I think we'd best sit still.

Power is pleasant, so is office, and the salaries we draw—
We have swallowed bigger insults with our over-powering jaw.

Those who press for instant action, must be told they're talking rot,
Better seven years of office, than a party gone to pot.

Courage acts, but prudence falters, "look before you leap" is sound,
So I'll look a little longer, till some safe way out is found.

After dinner, fuller crimson mantles on the speaker's cheek,
After dinner oft we utter thoughts 'twere wiser not to speak.

Curséd be that fatal dinner, doubly curséd the champagne,
Curséd be our lack of judgment, e'er to start on this campaign.

Curséd be the bye-elections, curséd be the House of Lords,
Curséd be those silly speeches, curséd be our hasty words.

Well, 'tis well that we should tarry, for the time is coming fast,
When the country, sick of muddle, will have done with us at last

Whensoever these things happen, long farewell to power and place,
So for us the real problem's how we're going to save our face.

But I see a way of safety, though each comrade lose his seat,
And may disappear for ever—I shall have a safe retreat.

When disaster overtakes me, and my party disappear,
For my service to the country—I shall then be made a Peer!

Arthur H. King.

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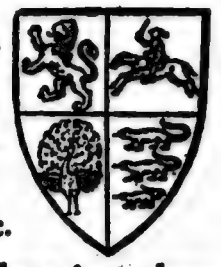

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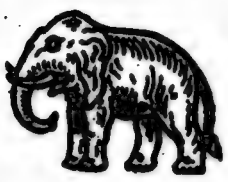

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THE MAN AT THE NEXT TABLE.

By G. D'A. Blumberg.

They were two of the select throng that were breakfasting in the coffee-room of the Belvoir Hotel.

The Belvoir Hotel was first-class. It was considered, and considered itself, *the* Hotel in the fashionable seaside resort of Westbourne.

To realise this it was not necessary to have enjoyed the privilege of paying its charges. A glance round the room was sufficient. The linen gleamed immaculate; flowers freshly cut and fragrant graced the labyrinth of small tables; the waiters were clean-shaved and cotton-gloved, and as they served, only punctuated the gay chatter with just sufficient "plate-music" to act as a stimulant to the appetite.

The two were seated by an open window. Every now and then a lazy breeze would steal its way in, gently caressing the curtains.

Not half a mile away stretched the sea in unruffled azure.

They were bound to attract attention, not merely because they were man and woman, but also from a sense of the incongruous.

He was steeped in an atmosphere of stodgy opulence, with a tendency to develop what is euphemistically termed a "presence" accentuated.

It would have been safe to conclude that imagination was not one of his failings. The few ideas he possessed had been inherited along with the family acres.

She was quite a girl, was radiantly pretty, and had about her an indescribable air of daring indifference to her surroundings.

Even the most acute student of human nature would have found it a task of some difficulty to establish the relationship that existed between them. Misled by avoirdupois, which aged his appearance, he might, at the first glance, have put it down to "father and daughter."

But he would have been mistaken.

Had the student been of a romantic turn "guardian and ward" might have been his guess.

But again he would have erred.

As a matter of fact they were husband and wife. Scraps of a conversation which had its birth in some newly lacerated letters which lay on the table left this in no doubt, and, if corroborative evidence were demanded, it could be seen on the third finger of her left hand, though almost eclipsed by the malicious sparkle of diamonds.

He, to the accompaniment of devilled kidney, was perusing a copy of the *Field*. As he munched, his lower jaw served the purpose of a psychic barometer, by which it was possible to gauge the depth of interest aroused by what he was reading; a steady slowing down in activity denoting an increase and *vice versa*.

She was nibbling at a bit of toast. An egg with shell undamaged stood on her plate.

Whenever a fresh arrival entered the room, her eyes would seek the door with just a shade of anxiety lurking in their depth.

Since the opening of the morning correspondence the silence between them had been unbroken, but with the last bit of kidney sent on its journey, he laid down the paper, and remarked:

"Wonderful score made by a man called Cole on the Pentrive Links. Went out in thirty-five, home in thirty-three, a record for the green!"

"Really," she replied, but the information did not seem to give her acute pleasure.

"Did the Wilderness in four. You remember the Wilderness where Brandon laid me a dead stymie, and——"

"Laid you a dead what?" she interrupted.

"A dead stymie—covered my putt with his ball, don't you know."

"Oh, of course, a dead stymie. I had forgotten the term. I am such a duffer at golf."

She took up a spoon and broke the undamaged egg, gently inhaled its aroma, and pushed it away from her. The ghost of a smile dawned round the corners of her mouth. Possibly by some unpardonable flight of fancy she had associated the laying of a dead stymie with the rejected product of the farmyard.

"Brandon's late." He glanced at a table on his immediate right. A chair, by being tilted against it, seemed to be asking for strength to bear the burdens of the day.

"Funny him turning up here! Not a bad sort, but, like you, an awful duffer at golf."

An alert waiter approached the tilted chair and swung it into a normal attitude.

"Yes," she repeated, mechanically, "like me, an awful duffer at golf."

"Talk of the—the—— Was just telling Muriel about a man called Cole. Did the Pentrive links in sixty-eight. Out in thirty-five, home in thirty-three, a record for the green."

The man at the next table shook out a napkin, screwed an eyegless into a humorous brown eye, regarded his informant with some persistence, and exclaimed, "Extraordinary."

"Did the Wilderness in four playing with his iron off the tee. You remember the Wilderness, where you laid me——?"

A cup put down hastily lost its centre of gravity and reached the parquet flooring with a crash.

"Whatever are you up to, Muriel?"

"Sorry, I feel a bit jumpy this morning."

"Better come and make a round of the links."

She looked at him; wonder tempered by pity in her eyes.

"Come along. I feel in splendid form."

The pity died. She pleaded a bad headache.

A few moments later they watched him pass the window, his golf clubs seeming to wink knowingly in the sun.

"How's the headache?" asked the man at the next table.

"Gone," she replied, her blue eyes fixed dreamily on the sea.

"Sorry I was late."

"It's just splendid, I mean——" her glance roamed round the room which, but for an immobile waiter or two, was now deserted.

"So it is. Never thought of that." He came to her table.

"Has he been at it long?"

"No, only just commenced as you came in, but I couldn't bear the repetition of a 'dead stymie.' Why did you ever lay one?"

"I!"

"You laid one in the Wilderness like—like an ostrich."

"Awfully sorry. And is that why the tea-cup went?"

"Of course, but I can't break a tea-cup every morning or they'll be running short."

"We are going to find another way out of it," he whispered.

Her hand stealthily sought his.

"Gad! there ought to be legal release where it is proved that a man suffers from golfomania."

A ripple of laughter escaped her lips.

THE SPRING POET.

The Poet of the Spring went forth
  On his poetic quest,
To seek the snowdrop, violet, and primrose;
The wind from out the east and north
  Pierced his poetic chest,
An icicle gleamed brightly on his slim nose.

"Hail! lovely, lovely spring," he sighed,
  And waved his fountain pen,—
"The earth awakes: her beauty overpowers us."
Alas! he stepped upon a slide,
  Threw up his arms, and then
Sat strangely down—and split his Sunday trousers.

Undaunted, undismayed—but sore,
  He clomb upon his feet,
And said, "I'll seek the woodland, where the does feed."
Alack! He'd not gone far before
  A mighty gust of sleet
Threw him forward on his face and made his nose bleed.

"Confound the blooming Spring," he said,
  "Let others write of you;
Of my poetic frenzy I'm bereft here."
Forthwith he homewards turned his head,
  But in a yard or two
A snowball caught him squarely in the left ear!

Retlaw.

A POLITICAL LEXICON.

By W. M.

C.

CAPSIZE (*Verb; defeated mood*).—To upset or overthrow: *as* a Treasury prosecution.

CLOAK (*noun; contemptible case*).—That which conceals; a pretext: *as* a recent celebrated Treasury prosecution.

COLLAPSE (*Verb; public voice; glad mood*).—To shrink up; to waste away: *as* a recent remarkable and celebrated Treasury prosecution.

CONFUSED (*Adjective; odd number; ludicrous case*).—Perplexed; put to shame; disconcerted; *as* Counsel for the Crown in a recent prodigious Treasury prosecution.

CONNIVANCE (*Noun; deficient number; serious case*).—Act of winking at; voluntary blindness to an act: *as* the Government with regard to the German navy increase.

CONSOLATORY (*Adjective; enormous number; gratifying case*).—Tending to give solace or comfort; refreshing to the mind: *as* the hundreds of sympathetic congratulations received by Mr. Bottomley at the conclusion of the recent astounding Treasury prosecution.

CONSPIRACY (*Noun; unknown number; treacherous case*).—A breathing together; a combination of men for an evil purpose: *as*—well, those who run may read.

CONSTANT (*Adjective; solitary number; admirable case*).—Standing firm; resolute; determined; unshaken: *as* the Hon. Member for South Hackney.

CONSTERNATION (*Noun; the whole number; national case*).—Horror; amazement; perturbation: *as* the state of the public mind in consequence of the Admiralty disclosures.

CONSTRUCT (*Verb; public voice; determined mood; present tense; necessary number*).—To build: *as Dreadnoughts.*

CONTRIBUTION (*Noun; plural number; patriotic case*).—Bestowal of aid to a common purpose; a share: *as* New Zealand's offer of two *Dreadnoughts.*

CONTROL (*Noun; preponderant number; vital case*).—Superintendence; command: *as* Great Britain of the sea.

CONTUMACIOUS (*Adjective; excessive number, bedad; disgraceful case entoirely*).—Swelling up against; opposing rightful authority with pride and stubbornness: *as* the Irish boycotters and cattle-drivers.

CONTUMELIOUS (*Adjective; odd number; laughable case*).—Contemptuous; rude and sarcastic; insolent; *as* Horace Avory—when he finds himself to be losing the case.

CONVERT (*Noun; Winstonian case*).—One who is turned from sin to holiness; a person who renounces one party for another: *as* Tommy Bowles.

COUNTRY (*Noun; reluctant case*).—Rural parts: *to* which the Government shortly will be sent.

COVER (*Verb; low voice; secretive mood; present tense; unknown number; bellicose person*).—To conceal; to cloak; to secrete: *as* Germany her naval programme.

COVET (*Verb; unmistakable voice; constant mood; past, present, and future tense*).—To wish for; to hanker after: *as* Germany for naval supremacy.

AN ARMY COOK.

F. L. W. W. tells us the following story:—

With reference to the sensible remarks in JOHN BULL of April 10th regarding the feeding of the Messrs. Thomas Atkins, a truthful story connected with the Warwickshire Yeomanry previous to embarking for South Africa may interest you. Recruits were needed, and amongst others one joined who, amongst other recommendations, said that he could cook. On being asked what experience he had had, he replied that he was at one time kennelman to a master of harriers. This experience was no doubt of much use to him and his pals at Kimberley, or elsewhere, during the campaign—when turtle soup and other luxuries were "off," and a man's best friend (as often before, and will again, in spite of motor cars and other dangers) a horse, even when not absolutely in prime condition, came to his aid.

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OPEN LETTERS POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Lord Charles Beresford, Carlton Club, London.

DEAR CHARLEY,—Since repudiating the statement of the parson of Boscombe that in a letter you had written to him apropos Britain's unpreparedness for war, you said: "If the country knew the real truth about the Navy there would be a panic," I note you have eaten the leek. You now explain that the letter "was a private communication written some months ago, whose existence had escaped your attention." Evidently the embarrassing use to which the parson had put your epistle goes far to justify, at all events in your special case, the advice the old lawyer gave to his son, never to write a letter and never to destroy one.

You know as well as I do, Charley, that you have never had the golden gift of reticence. On a public question I do not recollect that you ever opened your mouth without putting your foot in it. This last episode is no exception to the rule; and I venture to present for your acceptance another excellent moral in the hope that it will be of use to you what time your each years of discretion—never tell your friend what you would not wish your enemy to know.

This said, I am bound to inform you that your explanation still needs explaining. You say the letter was written "some months ago." On that point it seems that you are also wrong. As a matter of fact, the parson says it was written "a few weeks since." The phrase you then used, let me remind you once more, was "If the country knew the real truth about the Navy there would be a panic." As the Navy was then, so it is now. In the face of this fact, I have to ask you, Charley dear, to say what exactly is the truth about the Navy which the country does not know. Or do you propose to suppress the truth to save us from panic? My advice to you, as you have already said so much, is not to worry about the panic; the country will manage that all right. Out with what you know and what, according to you, the country doesn't. This is not the time to mince matters. JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Since writing the above I note that the Prime Minister has promised an enquiry into your allegations. Give it 'em hot.

To Admiral Smith-Dorrien, Funny Villa, Berkhamsted.

SIR,—Having laid down my pen after writing a few lines to Charley Beresford, whom I believe you know, being in the same line of business as you used to be before the Admiralty pensioned you off, I hasten to take it up again to address a few lines to you, hoping that they will find you quite well after your brilliant speech at Berkhamstead. When do you bring out your *Book of Jokes For Use in Graveyards?* Don't tell me you haven't written one, for I'm sure I could not make myself believe you. What you said at the meeting about Campbell-Bannerman, long in his rest, compels me to think that you must have laid in quite a stock of funny remarks suitable for funerals. You described as a traitor the late Premier, beloved of all men and all parties, a statesman whose kindliness, uprightness, sincerity of purpose, and devotion to the service of his country are still fresh in public memory, expressing at the same time the wish that you could dig up his body and hang it in Trafalgar Square. I looked when I read this tasteful utterance to see whether your audience received it with laughter or with hisses, to find that somebody said "Hear, hear."

Since that I see that you, a Navy pensioner, have explained matters to the First Lord of the Admiralty. "I have communicated with Admiral Smith-Dorrien," said Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons, "and I understand from him that the statement was not meant by him to be a serious statement, and had he known it was going to be taken seriously, he would certainly never have made it." So that it must have been a joke, invented to tickle a Tory audience till they laughed. In any case, Sir, it was cruel, it was brutal, it was scandalous, and it was a lie and a slander on the dead; cowardly, because the voice which could have answered you was hushed in everlasting silence. How would it strike your family and those who have followed your career if, when you have crossed the bar, a politician were to defame your memory by describing you as a traitor and a pimp? In imagination I can see your son, or your son's son, or your nearest living relative, going to that man and demanding a withdrawal under the sting of a horsewhip. Only a horsewhip, Sir, would have adequately pointed your wit at that Berkhamstead meeting. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Hemmings, Mardy, Rhondda Valley.

SIR,—I have read with amazement and disgust your own account of your conduct at the fire at your house, as given in evidence at the inquest on the victims—your wife, her infant child, and three other little children. You told the coroner that when you smelt fire in the night you asked your wife to go and see what was the matter. When the smoke filled the room you jumped out of bed and escaped through the bedroom window, leaving the children in bed, and making no attempt to ascertain the whereabouts of their mother. On being asked why you had not done something to save your wife, you replied, "Oh, she had the same chance to get away as I had." I agree with the coroner, on these facts, that you are "deficient in those qualities which make up a man." You have all the contemptible characteristics of a callous coward, indifferent to the safety of anybody's skin except your own. There cannot be many men in the world who would leave their wives and children to perish in the flames while they themselves sneaked out of danger. But there are some, and you are one of them—a discredit to the name of either husband or father; and if in the village where you live you have not become ere this a byeword among women and an object to despise among men, I shall be surprised indeed. JOHN BULL.

To Huntley Walker, Esq., Motorist and Cotton-spinner, Lancashire.

MY DEAR HUNTLEY,—I see that you have become distinguished in the papers as a man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. A literary friend of mine goes over at frequent intervals in order to burst that same bank, but never can he get away to his happy home again without rending his heart and pawning his garments. Even in your case, I should like to have definite corroborative assurances that your reported win is neither a dream nor an advertisement arranged by messieurs of the Administration. A suicide at Monte Carlo has a depressing effect upon the multitude, hence the Rivieran papers are paid not to mention them; but a story about breaking the bank is so good for trade at the Casino that the Administration sometimes makes a point of inventing one.

This is not to say that you have not actually left with that £18,000 raked over to you by the croupiers—but I have my doubts. Still, everything that is possible is credible; but in these days of advertising one naturally grows suspicious. I am now looking forward to a full-page advertisement revealing that while playing you were sustained by somebody's unexcelled beef juice and driven to the scene of your triumph in somebody's unbeatable motor car. However, assuming that the story is true, as I hope it is, I admire your courage in leaving the place with the cash in your pocket. It is probable that if you had returned to play you would have remained to lose. As it is, I gather that the bank still owes you a bit, lost at previous visits to the tables. Still, it must be comforting to have got "a bit of your own back." Now, my dear Huntley, take my advice, and give the tables a miss. Luck is a fickle goddess, and having induced her to kiss your brow, don't tempt her again. I raise my glass to you.
JOHN BULL.

Abdul Hamid, Turkey.

Have they really cooked your goose? BULL.

Editor, "Hospital," London.

Thousands people delighted with your discovery that quart of good beer equal to quarter pound of bread. Accordingly continuing to take their food in quarts.
BULL.

Duke of Rutland, Regent's Park, N.W.

Remark that in contributing £10 to Jehu Fund you say death duties prevent you contributing more. Remind me of man who apologised not sending friend wedding present on ground that he was saving up for his own funeral. BULL.

Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, The Hague.

Understand from informal statement circulated among members Dutch Parliament that happy event probably postponed for a further fortnight. Don't hurry. Slow and sure wins the race. BULL.

Lloyd George, Treasury, Whitehall.

Good luck. BULL.

THE BUDGET OCTOPUS.

WILL THEY ESCAPE?

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on City page be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than the Friday preceding the week of publication.*

OUR INSOLVENT POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

What Should Be Done.

In a recent issue we drew attention to the unsatisfactory state of affairs existing with regard to Trustee Savings Banks.

We now have to call attention to the financial position of no less an institution than the Post Office Savings Bank, and we have no hesitation in saying that, not only is it a scandal and reproach to the successive Administrations which have been and are responsible for it, but that, unless steps are promptly taken to place its business on a proper footing, it will become a national danger.

It is no use beating about the bush—save for the security afforded by the liability of the British taxpayer to make good any deficiency, the Post Office Savings Bank is hopelessly insolvent.

Owing to the fact that the present Government are carrying out the pernicious policy of their predecessors in suppressing the balance-sheet, it is impossible to give exact figures, but as far as we are able to form an opinion we estimate that the excess of liabilities over assets must now amount to at least sixteen millions sterling.

Mr. Lloyd George has recently dismissed the matter with the offhand remark that, in view of the liability of the Consolidated Fund, no real deficiency exists.

No real deficiency! When the amount due to depositors is 160 millions, and there are only some 144 millions, at most, available to meet their claims!

This is bad enough, but the position is rapidly going from bad to worse, the loss on trading—which is euphemistically called "the deficiency in income account"—last year alone amounting to over £160,000.

Are not we justified in alluding to the matter as a grave scandal when, in addition to having been landed with a liability of sixteen millions sterling, the taxpayer has to find £160,000 in one year, to make good the muddling and maladministration of the Post Office Savings Bank?

It may be answered that while there is a certain amount of truth in what we have alleged, the advantages gained by having provided for the thrifty poor a safe outlet for their savings is so inestimable a benefit to the nation, as to outweigh the disadvantages and heavy cost entailed.

Were this a true description of the Post Office Savings Bank it might be so; but it is not.

There is probably no country in the world where the thrifty working man is better provided with safe and profitable channels of investment than he is in England—Friendly Societies, Building Societies, Benefit Societies, and what not. Even if it were not so, there is no reason why a State Bank for the encouragement of thrift should pay rates of interest which it is quite impossible to earn.

It is as certain as anything can be that at least two-thirds of the vast sums deposited in the Post Office Bank belong to the middle classes, and they are deposited there simply and solely for the sake of obtaining a higher rate of interest than can be legitimately earned elsewhere.

When, in 1893, the wiseacres in charge of the nation's affairs increased the limit of annual deposit from £30 to £50, was their object to encourage thrift among the working classes? Not a bit of it. The working-man who can save £50 does not require any incentive to thrift, and is quite sufficiently intelligent to find investments for himself if necessary; it is not necessary to keep a State bank working at a loss for his benefit.

So much for this scandal from the taxpayer's point of view; now let us regard it from the depositor's. Serene in the possession of his lien on the Consolidated Fund of the richest nation in the world, he can view the deficiency in assets with complacency, and console himself with the thought that he can get his money at any time.

But can he?

Against liabilities of 160 millions sterling repayable on demand the Post Office Savings Bank—beyond its till money—does not hold one single sovereign.

War, hostile raids, by sea or air, and consequent financial panic, are by no means impossible contingencies, and in the event of these or similar occurrences, the withdrawal of five or ten millions from the Post Office Savings Bank would be by no means unlikely.

Perhaps we should say the attempted withdrawal—for we feel very certain that the depositors would not succeed in getting their money. If they did, it would be at the cost of the paralysis of the whole trade and finance of the United Kingdom.

Two things are imperative, the rate of interest must be reduced, and a gold reserve must be kept.

THE BEEF TRUST.

There is to be presented almost immediately the report of the Departmental Committee which was appointed last July "to inquire how and in what manner the general supply, and the price of meat in the United Kingdom are controlled or affected by the combination of firms or companies." Lord Robert Cecil and his colleagues have found that the "supply, distribution and price" are controlled by a combination of firms. In other words, they admit the existence of a "Beef Trust," which the Government and the Board of Agriculture have always pooh-poohed as a something that only existed in the imagination. This will be a nasty knock, especially for Sir Thomas Elliott, the permanent secretary. But it does not necessarily mean that the cataract obscuring the official eyesight will be removed in the public interest. It did not need the combined mental efforts of a Departmental Committee to discover that the American Meat Trust was a stern reality.

THE PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

After a trial lasting several days, Mr. Justice Walton and a special jury sitting at Manchester have found that there is no ground for the allegation of fraudulent misrepresentation on the part of the Company to one of their policyholders, a Mrs. Maikin, of Blackpool. It was alleged on her behalf that the Company was not a solvent company, and that for the business it could be reasonably expected to do or to have done, it ought not to have made the representations it did. A number of eminent experts were called on behalf of the Company to prove its solvency. In summing up, the Judge—one of the ablest on the Bench—told the jury he did "not think there was any evidence of any fraud," and he ruled "that there was no misrepresentation of the plaintiff as to her obligation under the bond and the obligation of the Company to her under the Certificate they issued in 1903." The jury found a verdict for the Company on all the counts.

Thus once more the Company has been vindicated, and the wild and cruel statements of Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, disproved. It is satisfactory to us to know that whenever the Company has appealed from this judge's jaundiced judgments to a Higher Court, its honesty has been demonstrated, thus justifying the position we took up some months ago when we commented upon Judge Parry's observations upon the Company. But in protesting against such one-sided and unfair statements, we must not be understood to say that in our opinion the public are well advised in taking out certificates of the kind which have been under discussion. In our judgment they are too one-sided. But, as Mr. Justice Walton observed, that is "a matter of opinion as to which people may differ."

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF U.S.A.

We have received a letter from a correspondent, from which we take the following:—

> Some years ago when they—the Government—ceased to allow us to deduct income tax from our premiums the Equitable wanted me to take a further policy with them, and upon my pointing out that we lost the income tax, I was at once told that arrangements had been made to allow it for several years past, *but that they had not thought it necessary to inform* their policy-holders of the fact.
>
> Of course I at once made a claim for three years' tax and, what is more, it was *allowed at once*; but I wonder how many thousands have never known anything about it, and how much money they should (if honest) restore to those policy-holders.

We have to acknowledge copies of Messrs. Mathieson and Sons' "Twenty Years' Railway Statistics" and "Monthly Mining Handbook," publications too well known and valued to require more than acknowledgment and thanks.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

SIX PER CENT. INVESTMENT.—W. L. (Luton).—Partington's Advertising Co. Six per cent. Preference should suit you.

LIPTON'S BANK.—A. T. E.—Your father has given you sound advice respecting the disposal of your money, and we advise you to take it.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERIES.—CONSTANT READER (Southampton).—We cannot help you in the matter. Write to Messrs. Gorzo and Co. again, and, if you can get no reply, send us the correspondence. EXONIA (Exeter).—Our advice to you is not to send any money to any of these foreign lotteries. E. C. T.—No, we do not recommend purchasing these tickets.

VAAL RIVER GOLD FIELDS.—C. H. (Shanklin).—We should sell.

INVESTMENT OF £30.—W. W. (Morriston).—Our advice to you is to keep your £30 in the Savings Bank. The difference between the interest you receive and what you would get from many a sound security is not sufficient to pay for the trouble of the change.

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—L. D. McQ. (Dover).—You should apply to Effingham Wilson and Co., of Threadneedle Street, E.C.

SALVATION ARMY BUILDING FUNDS.—H. E. P. (Birmingham).—We should advise you to take it out.

KLEEKSDORP PROPRIETARY.—KLEEKSDORP (Durham).—We should take advantage of the improvement to sell.

CENTRAL ARGENTINE BONDS.—AUCAJANO.—We think not.

FIVE SHARES.—C. W. E. (Rawcliffe).—Your selection is fairly good, but we should prefer Lovell and Christmas Preference to Jas. Nelson and Sons Ordinary, and we advise you to buy through a member of the Stock Exchange rather than the people you mention.

THREE SHARES.—P. C. (Brixton).—(1) The London General Omnibus Company has very serious difficulties to face, but it is possible the recent amalgamation of interests will improve its position by and bye. (2) We should hold the shares of the Anglo-Japanese Bank. It has not been able to make much money as yet, but its capital is practically intact, and by and bye no doubt it will do better. (3) We should get rid of the copper company's shares upon the first favourable opportunity

SAFE INVESTMENT.—G. D. (Harlesden).—(1) If the yield upon Corporation stock satisfies you, you could, of course, want nothing better on the score of security. (2) We cannot recommend you to deposit with the concern you name. The high interest is inviting, but the security is inadequate. P. H. (Streatham).—See second part of the above answer.

NOVEL FINANCE.—V. R. S. (Brighton).—We have no belief in novel methods for getting rich quickly. If you will bring your intelligence to bear upon the letter which you send us, and which we return herewith, you will see that it is nothing better than an attempt to play upon ignorance and credulity.

BRITISH TEA TABLE COMPANY.—F. C. D. (Battersea).—It is difficult to advise with the state of things so complex and uncertain, but, assuming the company gets fairly under weigh, there is ground for the belief that it has a future before it.

WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.—C. S. (Tooting).—We should be inclined to hold for the present.

J. H. MCDONALD (Blackpool).—We thank you for the circular, which, with its promise of a guaranteed 100 per cent. interest, payable weekly, ought not to deceive anyone outside of a lunatic asylum.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—J. S. (Linlithgow).—The answer to all three of your questions is in the affirmative.

MILNE, SON AND HAMILTON.—DISAPPOINTED (Bristol).—We do not see why there should be the preference you suggest, but the point is academic, as there are no assets.

COLLECTION OF DEBTS.—F. T. (Willesden Green).—We do not recommend debt collectors.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—G. F. H. (Cardiff).—We cannot advise you to deposit the money in the way you suggest.

PANAMA BOND.—A. B. C. (Nuneaton).—We should sell. You will get something over £4 at the present market price.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT.—A. E. S.—You ask to whom you should apply for a berth as auditor on a Government railway abroad. The auditing is done by the Railway Department, and it would be of little use for you to make application.

THREE MINING SHARES.—CELTIC (Lewisham).—They are all attractive from the speculative point of view.

RAND ROODEPOORT GOLD MINING COMPANY.—W. N. (Northwich).—We have no information.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—R. A. N. (Fordingbridge).—We agree with all you say about the Receiver's claim for a sum due for margin, but it is really a matter for you to thrash out with him. We do not see how he can make you pay.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS ORDINARY.—OISIN (Lismore).—If you can get the price you name, we advise you to take it.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—F. H. (Cleethorpes).—We advise you not to trouble any further about the matter. Your money is gone.

EDINBURGH DISTRICT MOTOR OMNIBUS COMPANY.—L. B. (Seacombe).—If the circumstances are similar, no doubt the verdict would follow the same lines as the one to which you refer. You should consult your solicitor.

BRITISH GUIANA RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.—H. W. Y. (Catford).—It will be as well to fall in with the arrangement, and it is just possible that the new shares may become more valuable than the old ones.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—A. B. C. (Carlisle).—(1) We should prefer the Birkbeck Bank. (2) We do not recommend the other which you name, not only because the interest promised is excessive, but also because accounts are not published. (3) Yes, Messrs. Keizer and Co. will treat you fairly.

PUBLIC TEA COMPANY OF LONDON.—D. B. (Chadwell Heath).—We do not think you can profitably go farther in the matter. We return your documents.

MARKET DEALS, LTD.—S. D. B. (London).—We cannot advise you to put any money into the New Wheal Eliza Consols. We return your documents.

CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE.—A. C. S. (Chatham).—Write sharply, reminding them that you have not had a cheque, and if they do not send it to you, write us again. We return your letter.

FORMATION OF SYNDICATE.—W. T. R. (Hampstead).—There is no way with which we are acquainted by which you can form a Company or Syndicate without paying certain State and other charges.

GENERAL PROPERTY DEVELOPMENT, LTD.—J. G. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The resolution makes it a private Company. We have no information as to its financial position.

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. B. W. (Catford).—It is a very prosperous and well managed Society, but the objection to the shares you name is that they are not easily disposable if you want to realise, and for this reason we should prefer to put the money into a sound Industrial Company, whose shares are dealt in freely on the Stock Exchange.

THREE MINING SHARES.—KUDOS (Glasgow).—We do not think the shares you name attractive for speculative purposes.

PURCHASE OF ANNUITY.—HUKERM (Preston).—Your friend would get from the National Mutual of Australasia about £15 5s. for every hundred pounds she invested, her age being, as you say, 77 years; from the Sun Life of Canada she would get a trifle over £15; from the Gresham about £14 12s.; from the Economic about £14 15s.; and from the Yorkshire about £14 12s.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

THE BRITISH ENTERPRISE INSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. H. H. (Nottingham).—We think not, but we will inquire further.

SALE OF SHARES.—PICT.—(1) No, you would have to do it through a broker. (2) The Prudential is as good as any for your purpose.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—B. B. P. (Harrow).—In the circumstances you name the Company would be bound to pay the policy. E. L. (Leicester).—We agree with all you say in the matter, and can only hope that your son will take your advice.

INSURANCE SHARES.—H. L. (Lewes).—(1) Yes, if for a lock-up and you are content to run some risk. (2) We should hold these shares.

PROGRESSIVE INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. S. (Barnsbury).—It is too soon to say much about what the Company will do, but it is your only chance of getting anything from your payments to the British Natural Premium Association.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE.—CYGNET (London).—We do not understand how the fact that a friend of yours is a superintendent of agents can help you in the matter, but the Society is a very excellent Mutual Life Office, which has always been well managed and given excellent bonus results to its participating members. The valuation basis is a strong one, and there is every reason to anticipate a continuance of favourable bonus results.

BRITISH LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Glasgow).—We should prefer another selection.

SCEPTRE LIFE ASSOCIATION.—H. L. J. (Ravenscourt Park).—The position of the company is strong, and its business progressive.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—SUSPICIOUS (Buttevant).—The company is quite solvent, but you must reckon with receiving very much less upon the maturing of your 20-year endowment policy than you were led to believe would be the case.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—J. G. (Glasgow).—They are both respectable companies.

MIDLAND INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. S. (Wood Green).—We know nothing to the contrary.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—VERITAS (Glasgow).—We should prefer another selection.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—X. X. X. (Hove).—Yes, it is quite safe. R. L.—We have no doubt that you will be well treated if you take out a policy with this company.

THE SUCCOURATIVE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—H. H. J. C. (Pentre).—We have no information about it. Your papers have been returned.

INSURANCE OF SISTERS.—G. S. (Bermondsey).—There is no earthly reason why four sisters should not take out separate policies in the same insurance company.

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL INSTITUTION.—X. (Birmingham).—The action of the insurance company was indefensible, because they issued a policy upon which they received the premium for many years, and then, when the holder of it claimed performance of what it professed to give, they pleaded that it was invalid, because it was void of insurable interest. If it was void of insurable interest, the company must have known it, and it was dishonourable on their part to accept premiums in return for a promised benefit which they had no intention of giving, and which they believed the law would not compel them to give.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF U.S.A.—S. H. (Grosvenor Street).—The return would be excellent so far as promises go, but the trouble is these American insurance companies do not keep their promises.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—B. E. D. (Cardiff).—We think you had better transfer. The outlook is not very bright.

THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—S. C. (West Hougham).—You made a bad selection. Write to these people once more, and, if you get no reply, send us the papers.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—M. E. B. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—You would get a slightly better return from the National Mutual of Australasia, whereas, in the case of the larger company, there is some possibility that, unless some improvement takes place, it will be unable to maintain its bonuses. The other company is a very progressive office.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Birmingham).—You need be under no apprehension. The company does a large ordinary and industrial business. The funds at the close of the year 1908 amounted to £1,350,660.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—With reference to an inquiry by "F. M. G. (Birmingham)" answered in our issue of April 17th, the Manager of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada writes to say we are mistaken in saying that the National Mutual Life Association of Australasia would give the best return for £1,000 at 60 years of age, namely, £93 11s. 8d. The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada would give £94 14s. The Stamp Duty (10s. per cent.) is paid by this company, but not by the National Mutual of Australasia.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. J. H. (Darlington).—As you will remember, there was considerable controversy as to the action of the directors in the matter of the bonus a year or two ago, and the company suffered somewhat therefrom. But its financial condition is sound.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (Ynyshir).—We think the requirements of the company reasonable, and that you should comply with them. We return your documents. R. E. B. (Chiswick).—We have your letter with its enclosure, which we have returned under cover. We cannot go further into the matter, which we dealt with very fully in our issue of January 23rd last.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Grimsby).—The answer is in the negative. G. R. (Barry).—Ditto.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. B. C. (Ashton-on-Mersey).—The scheme seems attractive.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. W. R. (Bristol).—We think so. We are obliged by the cutting you send us.

ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS.—A. W.—We regret that we can be of no assistance to you. You have no legal claim, and we gather, from Mr. Rowland's letter, that they are not disposed to admit any other. We return the papers you send us.

ABSTAINERS' AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—C. E. H. (Harlesden).—The company transacts life and industrial business and also fire and burglary insurance. In the life department premium rates are considerably below the average. We do not see any sufficient reason why you should not continue your policy.

ROYAL LIVER INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. W. (Sheffield).—We cannot believe that if you have been paying upon the policy for 47 years the company would take advantage of a technicality to refuse to pay the policy. Let us see the correspondence.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—W. G. Y. (Merton Park).—We note that your experience has been similar to that of our correspondent of last week. FAIRPLAY (Thornton Heath).—We note that you and several members of your family have had transactions with this Company, and have always found them act in a most fair and upright manner. BLADES (Sheffield).—We should keep up your policy.

THE BRITISH MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—A. W. E. (Wednesbury).—We have no information not contained in the letter from the Secretary you send us.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, LTD.—A. A. B. (Bristol).—We have enquired into your complaint, and the Company inform us that the non-payment was due to error, and that they have directed the payment of your claim to be made to you. Let us know if you have received the amount.

MIDLAND ASSURANCE COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Norwich).—We have no information upon the point mentioned by you.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

"JOHN BULL, LIMITED."

With reference to the petition which was recently mentioned in Court for the compulsory winding up of a Guernsey Company of this name, we desire to make it perfectly clear that the English Company, John Bull, Limited, the owners of JOHN BULL, is in no way concerned in these proceedings.

THE LAW AS TO BREAD.

The public seems to have a very hazy idea of the law as it affects the weighing and sale of bread, and just now, when the poor are apprehensive of a further rise in the price of the loaf, it may be useful to mention the law on the subject. The sale of bread must be by weight. The weight of the quantity of bread sold for a particular price must be ascertained, either before it is sold or exposed for sale, or else, if necessary, in the presence of the purchaser. But bread sold from a cart need not be weighed, unless the buyer expressly demands it. The weighing must show the weight of each particular loaf (not of the whole "order"). All this does not apply to "French or fancy bread or rolls" in the words of the Act of 1836, but in 1869 a Court said that what was "fancy bread," and a luxury in 1836, had become quite common articles of consumption by 1869—*e.g.*, "cottage" and "tin" loaves—and that such bread must be sold by weight. The test of "fancy" depends on the times. It is stated that magistrates have often decided that, in the absence of any statement as to weight by the baker, the loaf shall be taken to be intended to weigh either two or four pounds. What may be used in making bread is prescribed by statute: alum may not. All bread not made of wheat must be marked "M." The fine for putting a forbidden ingredient in bread is ten pounds, and millers incur a penalty of twenty pounds for adulterating corn meal or flour. In London the bread laws are vigilantly enforced by the officers of the County Council.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

In a recent issue, in referring to the case of the Trustees of the United Kingdom Temperance and Provident Institution, in which they contested the claim of a policyholder in respect of a policy issued by the company on the joint lives of himself and his wife, we wrote :—

> "It is surprising that a company of the standing of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution should issue policies on joint lives, accept premiums, and afterwards plead that such policies are void."

In saying this, we were merely observing that a great insurance company, like smaller institutions and folk, ought to be honest, and we are glad to find that our insurance contemporary, *The Insurance, Banking and Financial Review*, is not afraid to make the same observation. Commenting upon this case, our contemporary writes :

> "Who advised the directors to put in that plea we know not, but we have no hesitation in saying that the putting forward of such an excuse has done more to damn joint-life insurance than anything that has happened in the insurance world for many a long day. If joint-life policies are illegal in the case of a man and his wife, why not stop their issue at once? Having been issued, the conduct of the directors of the U.K.T. in raising the question of the non-existence of 'insurable interest' is altogether inexcusable."

It would be interesting to have the explanation of the managing director of the company, the Right Hon. Sir T. P. Whittaker, M.P., who, of course, is mainly responsible for resisting the claim. We looked for better things from that austere purist.

MR. ROBERT YOUDE.

We take the following from the *Sunderland Daily Echo* of April 1st :—

BANKRUPTCY COURT.

> A receiving order was made in the Sutherland Bankruptcy Court yesterday against Robert Youde, bill-posting agent and advertising contractor, of No. 20, The Terrace, Roker, and lately of No. 1, Church Road, Stanley, in Liverpool. The order was made on a creditor's petition.

It was only a day or two ago that we read of Mr. Youde obtaining heavy damages in Scotland for wrongful termination of an agreement.

THE PRACTICE OF BAILIFFS.

With reference to the statement of a correspondent we our issue of March 27th, as to the practice of bailiffs, in have received the following communication :—

> In your last issue I read a letter in which a most gross libel is published against the bailiffs of County Courts.
>
> 1st.—The writer states that the bailiffs get 4s. pocket money (after paying expenses) for arresting a debtor.
>
> I have been a bailiff for 27 years and have had the painful duty of arresting unfortunate debtors, and conveying them to Reading Gaol.
>
> I enclose a bill, a true copy of the account which I have had and have to render to my employer.
>
> I am allowed 3s. 6d. between two bailiffs, and am pleased to say that I have very often paid for food for the poor unfortunates I have had to take down.
>
> I have never had, nor has my assistant ever had, a single farthing for fees for taking a man to gaol.
>
> Thank God, as long as I hold my office I never have had, nor would I accept, this 4s. pocket money, as alleged by your correspondent.
>
> As regards taking advantage of excursions to take a man (and the cruellest cut of all), taking a man and hurrying him to get a certificate for 4s., I say emphatically it is the most colossal lie ever uttered.
>
> P.S.—I have even had to furnish the number of the cabs which we engaged to take us from station to gaol.

We have no reason to question the honesty of our correspondent, but he will remember the saying about the swallow and summer.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

UNPAID SALARY.—FLEECED.—You should get the account made out showing what arrears of salary are due to you, and when you leave you should demand payment. If not paid, you can then summon the company.

RECOVERY OF DEBT.—Y. B. (Lytham).—Do not publish anything about the transaction, or you would be liable to an action for libel. Let it drop.

RECEIPT STAMP.—H. H. J.—Both the person who gives and the one who takes an unstamped receipt are liable to a penalty of £10 where the sum received is £2 or more.

TRANSFER OF SHARES.—LIABILITY.—The best course is to transfer the shares to your friend at once. There is no time limit.

TENANT'S RIGHTS.—P. T. (Ilford).—The landlord can object to the fowl run. You have no means of compelling him to do the repairs.

INCOME TAX.—FISH.—You are correctly assessed for the odd period.

BUILDING SOCIETY.—ANXIOUS (Middlesbrough).—Unless you can prove your claim, we do not see how you can expect the society to search their books without payment.

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Feel your pulse. Is it regular? Do you ever have Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Sinking a Dead, Cold Hands or Feet, Dropsy, Pains under the Left Shoulder Blade, Trouble in lying on Left Side, Dizzy Spells, Drowsiness after Eating, Violent Starts in Your Sleep, Fulness in the Throat, Neuralgia around the Heart?

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FREE BOX OF OXIEN.

STOCKS AND SHARES | ACCURATE UNBIASSED INFORMATION

YOUR common-sense tells you that the specious advertisements and circulars of the "bucket shop" are illogical, and, of course, you will not take the advice of an outside broker, principal or agent, regarding the purchase of a particular share or bond *he* wants you to buy.

YOU would prefer even to obtain confirmation of the soundness of an inside broker's advice before acting thereon.

YOU want to know if an investment offered you is fairly safe, or if a speculation has merit; you want to know the *real* reason why people are offering to sell you Stock and the *real* interest of those who invite you to join in speculations.

YOU want to ascertain the hidden motive or interest. You know they place the best light on their wares and the defects are hidden. You know even brokers are not always cautious or disinterested; and, at least, they are "interested" in the securing of a commission.

YOU want to know whether your broker is getting the best price or charging you fair rates; whether you are getting all the dividends, bonuses, or advantages to which you are entitled.

YOU want to know when and what to buy and when to sell. You want to know whom to deal with or whom not to deal with; whether your present investments can be bettered or whether they are safe. You may want to speculate in Mining Shares, Options, or Premium Bonds, etc. You want to invest or buy an annuity, sell or buy some stock, or enter into some speculation. You want to increase your income.

WOULD it be worth your while to have at your command an unbiassed source of information about all matters pertaining to investments, Companies, Stock Exchange, Outside Brokers, and other matters connected with investments or Speculation?

WOULD you not welcome the benefit of organised expert investigation and information? A reputable firm who can assist you and from whom you can obtain honest information. This is our object. We do not wish to buy or sell stocks or shares for you, but we can tell you what stocks may be bought with advantage, and what to avoid. When to buy and when to sell. When to refuse or when to accept an offer.

Think of the Successful People You Know, whether Investors or Speculators, Merchants or Professional Men.

Their success is not the result of luck. It is the application of common-sense. Close examination will prove their success is founded on securing *accurate* and *helpful information*.

ROTHSCHILD made two millions of money out of the Battle of Waterloo. How did he do it? Simply by getting prior and accurate information. The same holds good to-day. The successful Investor, Business Man, Financier, or Speculator is the man who knows more than the next man. The sure knowledge which guides him when to Buy, when to Sell, when to "Get In," and when to "Get Out." In short, Money Making and Money Losing is the knowing of something or the knowing of nothing.

MILLIONS of money have been, and are still being, lost by Investors solely through the lack of having conscientious and reliable information immediately available. To *Know* surely is the Foundation Stone of Prosperity; *Not to Know* is the Road to Loss. Every person with capital invested, or about to invest, should have his propositions subjected to Independent Criticism. Let this be a *Fixed Habit, not a Spasmodic Act*, and it may be the means of saving or of the making of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of pounds in the course of a few years. This Invaluable Examination will cost you but a trifling sum. It is of inestimable worth to you. Our Business is to supply Immediate Information on any subject you can name, including those relating to Investment, Speculation, Law, Medicine, Business, Art, Crafts, Science, Professions, and to carry out this effectively we have a most Remarkable Organisation.

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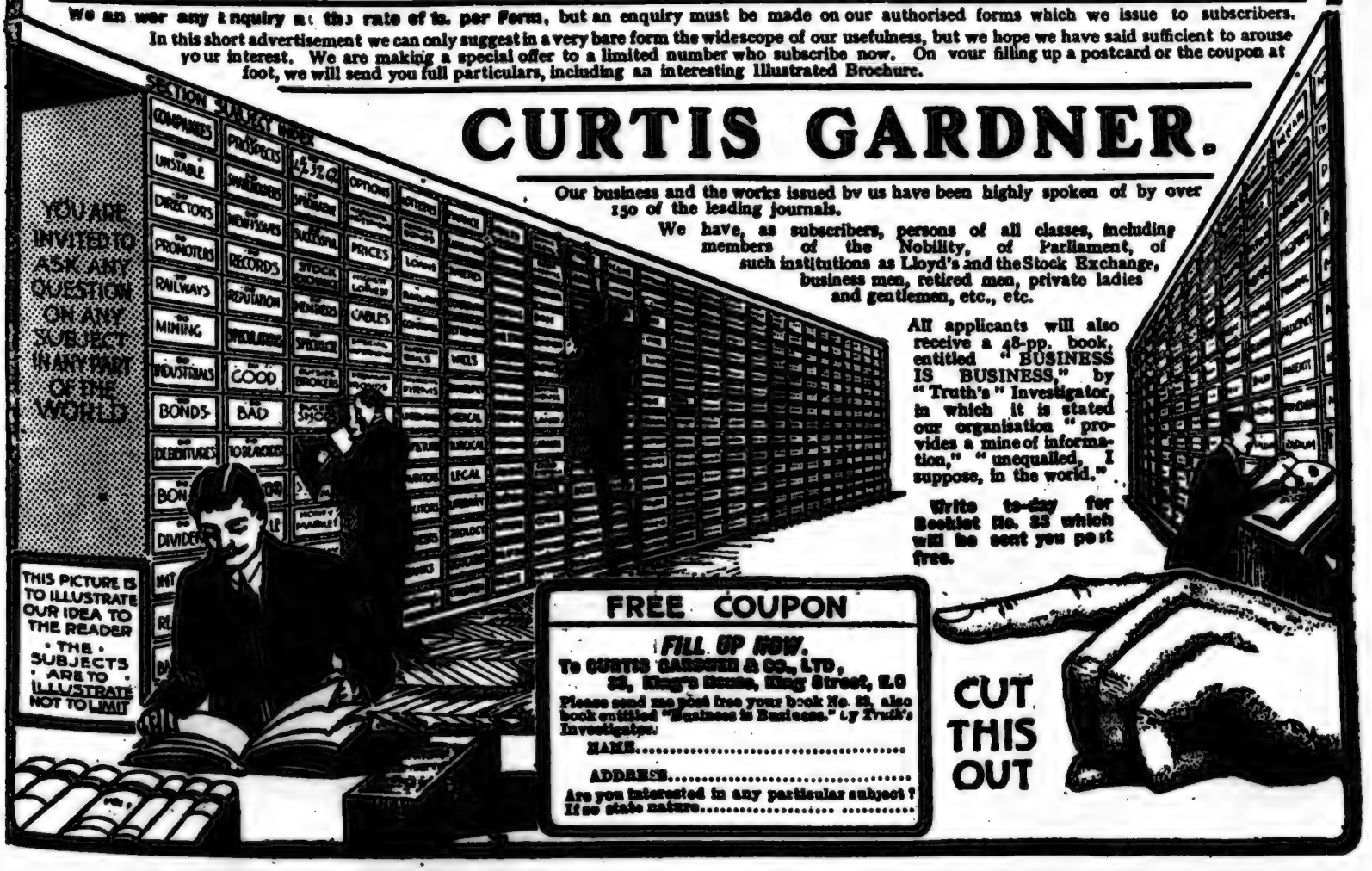

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CUT THIS OUT

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

ROSE STAHL.

An episode? Bah! Rose Stahl is a great theatrical event, and her appearance in this country should be recorded as such in the pages of English stage history.

Granted that the comedy in which Rose Stahl plays with such rare variety the part of "The Chorus Lady"—Patricia O'Brien—"Pat" as her intimates call her—is not particularly novel in idea; that it is reminiscent of "Zaza," "La Passerelle," "Magda," and that it is in point of fact what I should call a patchwork play, is there not all the more homage due to Miss Stahl's remarkable talent for carrying the author's trivial work to the convincing and triumphant success she undoubtedly does?

The instant Rose Stahl comes on to the scene with her chorus girl swagger and rorty air, the actress impresses you so wonderfully by her powerful personality and the atmosphere she brings with her that, for the moment, she seems to transform her mother's humble little kitchen into one of the dressing-rooms of the Longacre Theatre, New York. I have never known a more vividly suggested and instantaneous picture than Miss Stahl creates with her first entrance; it is quite extraordinary.

But it does not matter a straw to this versatile actress whether she has to play comedy or tragedy, fun or pathos—all temperaments are hers, for she is a true artist and possesses, in addition, that exquisite gift which belongs so essentially to the French school, "*l'art de dire.*"

Admirable support is given to Rose Stahl—this Réjane of the English-speaking stage—by pretty Eva Dennison as the vain, frivolous little sister Nora O'Brien, Alice Leigh as the devoted old mother Mrs. O'Brien, Francis Byrne as the villain Dick Crawford, and Wilfred Lucas as "Pat's" lover, Dan Malloy.

The scene in the chorus girl's dressing-room may not be very judicious, from the conjurer's view of giving the show away and letting the public into the secret of how the trick is done, but it is one which is bound to attract a crowd to the Vaudeville Theatre; the only fault that English people may possibly find is that the girls act *too quickly* for them, and they consequently lose some of the dialogue.

But if this very dressing-room scene and Rose Stahl with her superb art and magnificent acting cannot cram the Vaudeville Theatre for many months to come, it will be a surprise to me which I shall not soon recover from.

"THE CONQUEST."

Mr. Lewis Waller is one of the most popular actors on the English stage, but I am afraid that there is not sufficient "cause and effect" to make his latest production at the Lyric Theatre a success.

"George Fleming"—in real life Miss Constance Fletcher—has already written several plays, which is all the more surprising as "The Conquest"—her latest effort—most certainly does not display the hand of an experienced dramatist.

Her situations are so forced, her dialogue at moments almost *banale*—that long before the play is half way through, the average "play taster" can detect the mediocre affair of a decidedly doubtful success.

Nor does "The Conquest" improve as it proceeds. The final act is painfully wishy washy, and, furthermore, in very questionable taste.

A novice about to take the veil is certainly not a subject to put on any theatrical stage. It is likely to offend even the most unsensitive, and the fact that we live in a Protestant country is surely the more reason why the Roman Catholic faith should be respected.

Miss Maxime Elliott, as the Duchesse de Langeais, looks extremely handsome, and acts well throughout; she never strikes a false note, and is always intelligent. Her seduction scene is particularly well played.

The little Lewis Waller has to do, he does in his usual dignified and manly manner, using his fine voice to the best possible advantage, but in very unfavourable circumstances.

A mixed reception greeted "The Conquest" at the Lyric on Saturday night at the first performance.

"COLONEL SMITH."

It is so rare that Mr. George Alexander's name is associated with an indifferent drama, that it seems hardly possible to believe that his latest production at the St. James's Theatre is not quite "the thing."

Like Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., can write remarkably clever novels, but is not so happy when he turns his thoughts stagewise.

What Is Your Number?

(See Page iii. of Cover.)

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need not be thrown away because they are soiled and shabby outside. The dry-cleaning process will completely rejuvenate them, and, unless the material itself is too much worn, leave them almost as good as when they were new. We have practised the dry-cleaning process for many years past with complete success and we can give you satisfaction. Our fixed charge for a complete suit is 3/9, and if any repairs, new buttons, etc., are ordered the additional cost is equally reasonable. Write to-day for Catalogue and address of nearest branch or agency, or send direct to address below (we pay carriage one way) with instructions enclosed.

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THE MORALS OF BLACKPOOL.

This popular seaside resort, although undoubtedly bracing and health-giving in the summer months, is, at the same time, a place where a virtuous young woman, or a well-brought-up youth, would stand a fair chance of undergoing a process of moral and mental deterioration.

Blackpool, in simple English, is the Blackguards' Paradise. You would find it impossible to hold an intelligent conversation on any topic of current interest with any acclimatised settler. Women and, perhaps, betting—but, above all, women—are about all these two-legged animals think about.

In no part of England have I ever seen such disgusting open-air performances as the hobbledehoys and wenches of the Fylde enact in the lanes, in the shelters, on the sandhills during the season, and, for that matter, out of it.

Nowhere in the kingdom does the precocious, stunted, weedy little lout enjoy the favours of the other sex as in this town.

Overhearing a group of lads laughing together at the pier-head at—no, I won't state the name—and knowing one of them slightly, I asked what was the joke.

To the accompaniment of horse-laughs and grins from the others, he told how a certain young girl not much over sixteen had "got into trouble."

"But I suppose the cause of it will help her?" There was a loud guffaw at his remark.

"He can't. He only gets a few shillin' a week."

"And what do the girl's parents say about it?"

Once more the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind rang out.

"Say!" he repeated, half-choked by his hilarity, "what can they say? *They was same theirsels when they was young.*"

The explanation cleared up much that had surprised me in this uncivilised region of our coast.

The picture post-cards on sale at all the principal stationers' shops—and not at those in the back streets only—reflect the character of Blackpool and its patrons very accurately. One Manchester paper to my knowledge took up this scandal some time ago—without result. Blackguardism has taken root too deeply in Blackpool to be easily eradicated. As for ruffianism, if you will search the files of the *Lancashire Daily Post* anent the locality, you will be able to substantiate whatever strictures you care to make.

It is no uncommon thing to observe women standing drinks to the men they favour—men of a type that would be under police supervision in London or our chief cities. The plain truth is, by far the greater number of persons who patronise Blackpool go there not for the ozone, but for the orgies that are part and parcel of the "outing." Those who do visit it for reasons of health are growing fewer and fewer, and you are quite right in saying that these are obliged to pick a time when the rough, the blackguard, the libertine, and the wanton are, comparatively speaking, avoidable.

It is a place where an unsuspicious stranger might undergo some of those experiences fondly believed to be confined to peculiar quarters of London, if he were not careful.

In proof of my remarks as to the character of the mobs and rabble that at times overrun Blackpool, let me give a true example.

A poor shoeblack attempted to save the life of a drowning boy just by the North Pier and the Metropole Hotel. It was broad daylight, and the usual crowd gathered to watch the scene, without, however, making the least attempt to aid. In fact, one might be excused for saying they regarded this matter of life and death as a species of *al fresco* entertainment, judging from their conduct.

The boy was drowned. The shoeblack got back to the promenade exhausted—only to find his coat and his few coins had been stolen while he battled with death!

Can you conceive a more cowardly, dastardly, wretched brute than was that thief? Yet nobody saw him commit the crime? Oh, no!

I enclose my name and address, but for reasons it would be unnecessary to give at the moment, prefer to sign this letter.

P. W.

"A SENTENCE OF LIFE"

Suggested by the Famous Picture in the Royal Academy, 1908.

"LUCANA" CIGARETTES SMOKED EVERYWHERE

DOCTOR: You are and have been, a heavy smoker.
PATIENT: That is so Doctor, but I hope you will not put me off my cigarettes.
DOCTOR: No, but you must smoke the BEST. I strongly advise Sandorides.
PATIENT: Why?
DOCTOR: Because they are HARMLESS on account of their ABSOLUTE PURITY.

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THE CHANCELLOR'S TASK.

By T. Hallett Fry.

IV.—LIQUOR AND REVENUE.

In the past it was customary for Chancellors of the Exchequer to float the country into solvency in liquor. Every year this feat becomes more difficult. There is a merit in solvency; there is a greater merit in temperance, in the best sense. But with the latter merit disguised and thrust into public notice, the former merit of solvency becomes less and less apparent. Ten years ago, every throat of population consumed 32 gallons of beer per annum. To-day, however, the figure is only 27½ gallons. Population, of course, increases, and with it there is some increase in the total number of barrels tapped, but the consumption per head shows a consistent decline. So consistent is the decline that every year from the year 1899-1900 to the present time, the rate per head has fallen, that is to say, there have been eight consecutive recorded declines. Much as this country values solvency, it is yet unprepared to gain an increasing amount of revenue by the liquor taxes if the Governmental gain is the individual's loss. At the same time, however, it was plainly shown even so recently as last year, that the temper of the country is not such that the interests of a very large and reputable section of the community may be wantonly tampered with, and proprietorships and employments cancelled. The brewer and the publican have received kicks enough. The duty on a house of the annual value of £10 or under is no less than £4 10s., and, inasmuch as in 1907-8, the number of these small public-houses was, roughly, eight thousand, it may be estimated that nearly this number pays each year in License Duty a sum equal to 50 per cent. of its annual value. Again, we find houses valued at over £10 but under £15 number upwards of 5,500. These houses pay an annual License Duty of £6. Serious, also, is the charge on houses of £15 to £20 annual value, which pay £8 each year; on houses of from £20 to £25 which pay £11, and on those of £25 to £30 which pay £14. Surely there is a real claim for more moderate treatment of these small houses? It is possible that the bulk of these houses are of the more necessary sort, *i.e.*, of that class which exist in out-of-the-way places where there is an undoubted and great necessity for houses in which the wayfarer may obtain rest and refreshment. Yet it is here that we find that the duty bears most hardly. When we get to the wealthy proprietors we see that the license charged is positively negligible. If we possess a house assessed at £5,000 per annum, or even £25,000, the utmost that can be demanded for License Duty is the sum of £60. We cannot expect the Chancellor at this moment to give away much by equitable adjustment of any tax or scale of taxes, which costs him money. But we may with confidence ask him to take money, and also to remedy obvious injustices of the license scale which taxes too heavily the poor and which lets off too lightly the wealthy. A scale could easily be framed which would grade the duties right up from £2 10s. to £200. By this means the small houses would gain considerable advantage. For instance, the lowest rates of duty would be reduced from £4 10s. to £2 10s.; from £6 to £5; from £8 to £7 10s.; from £11 to £10; from £14 to £13; and from £17 to £16. Assuredly not great reductions, but of not inconsiderable value when considering the poorness of the persons charged. The scale, would begin low, increase more rapidly than that now ruling, and charge houses of an annual value of over £2,000 with a license duty of £200. The increased charges would not operate at all until assessments exceed in annual value £100, and the charge only begins to bear heavily when the assessment exceeds about £500 per annum. The owners of these large houses will not feel greatly the burden of the extra duty. But whatever the feeling, the present scale is most unreasonable. To-day, there is no grading over the figure of £700. This objection would be rectified in the scale I have suggested to the extent that similar taxation only applies to houses exceeding in annual value the sum of £2,000. But a further rectification still might be considered necessary in view of the enormous values attaching to certain ·tation properties. For the nonce, however, £2,000 per annum might be taken as the limit. The yield of the scheme outlined exceeds that of the existing scale by £250,000, not by an imaginative £3,000,000, the ordinary estimate of the irresponsible budget maker. The yield is not a great one because it recognises the equitable claims of poor persons to consideration.

All Nervous Troubles are Cured by Electricity.

A FEW FACTS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO SUFFERERS.

Under the heading of "Nervous Diseases," there are a great many simple complaints which baffle ordinary medical science, and for which some sufferers consider there is no remedy. They may have tried a rest, a change, or a sea voyage, after vainly trying a number of "prescriptions," but on their return the trouble was there the same as ever, and despair thus takes the place of hope. To think that such troubles are not curable is a false opinion. There is a cure for all nervous troubles—a complete and permanent cure. It is electricity. Why? Because the nerve energy of the body is nothing more nor less than electrical force. That is what is lacking, and any sensible person will agree that if it is restored a cure results.

The most common complaints of the nervous system are Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), and what is usually termed "Nervous Breakdown." Who has not seen the man rendered unfit for work by one or more of these troubles? He is not alone in his misery, for he drags down with him all those who depend upon him for maintenance. The neurasthenic person is constantly in fear of some impending danger; the victim of Insomnia is deprived of Nature's great restorative; Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxy render the sufferer helpless; the poor neuralgic victim suffers the agonies of excruciating pain, while Epilepsy and Chorea are even worse—they make life one continual torment. These are all nervous complaints, and they can all be cured by electricity.

The list of doctors who use, and strongly advocate electricity for nervous affections is a long one. Some of the most important are Dr. Erb, claimed by many to be the greatest authority on nervous diseases in the world; Dr. Vigoureux, who has performed some wonderful cures of Neurasthenia; Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. Hughes Bennett, Dr, Rockwell, Dr. Millican, Dr. Riggs, Dr. Dawson Turner, Dr. M'Farlane, Dr. Beresford Ryley, Dr. Bardet, of Paris, Drs. Stewart and Lawrence, Dr. Percy Boulton, Dr. Russell Reynolds, Dr. Tunmer, Dr. Tibbits, Dr. Onimus, Dr. Beard, and many others. Most of these physicians are the authors of well-known standard works, and the development of medical science is due greatly to their untiring efforts. They all use electricity extensively, and with grand results.

Prof. Edgar Larkin, discussing "The New Physiology," says:—"The trend of science is towards electricity on all sides. Life, force, and mind are intimately related to it. All animals are merely electrical machines. A man, mind and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power." Here is food for serious thought. Why use medicine when you know there is no medicine that will restore nerve energy? Doctors will tell you that all scientific works are full of such opinions. Successful results are due to electricity—hundreds are being cured by it, while those who persist in adhering to the old methods are even becoming worse.

The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery will cure the most obstinate cases of such complaints. It is a departure from the old methods—an entirely new means. An interesting book of 80 pages tells all about it, and how it is done. It is full of interesting facts, and free to all who write for it. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain, sealed envelope. All advice is free. This new method, has been awarded the *Science Siftings* Certificate of Merit, and is highly recommended by the Editor of John Bull.—Advt.

THE LETTER BOX.

TRANSLATED FROM "L'ILE DES PINGOUINS," BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

There was, according to the famous German ballad, in the town square, on the sunny side against the wall, a lovely letter-box, blue as the bluest corn-flower, smiling and calm.

Every day there came to her, in heavy shoes, little tradesmen, rich farmers, burghers, the collector of taxes, the police, and they entrusted her with business letters, bills, citations, demand-notes, legal documents, recruiting-papers: she remained smiling and calm.

Joyful or full of care, there strolled towards her, labourers and farm-servants, domestics and nurses, clerks, housekeepers with little children in their arms; they brought her announcements of births, marriages, and deaths, letters of married persons and betrothed, of mothers to their sons, of sons to their mothers: she remained smiling and calm.

At dusk, youths and maidens crept up furtively and bestowed love-letters, some wet with tears which made the ink run, others marked with a little circle to indicate a kiss, and all of them very long; she remained smiling and calm.

Rich merchants came in person, for greater safety, at the hour of collection, and gave her registered letters,* letters with five red seals, full of bank notes or cheques on the great financial houses of Europe: she remained smiling and calm.

But one day Gaspar, whom she had never seen and knew neither from Adam nor from Eve, came to give her a note, about which nothing is known except that it was folded like a cocked hat. Instantly the beautiful letter-box swooned. Since then she no longer keeps hot place; she runs about the streets, the fields, the woods, girdled with ivy and crowned with roses. She is forever capering among hills and dales; the village constable surprised her among the corn in the arms of Gaspar, kissing him on the mouth.

(* Rather Rash? Translator.)

ONE HUNDRED (MORE OR LESS) POINTS FOR PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

(With profound acknowledgments to the "Daily Express" and the "Daily News.")

BY W. M.

Point 99. That Representative Government should Represent.

Under the present unequal franchise distribution it is possible for a Minority of Electors to obtain a Majority in Parliament, and then to declare that they represent the Country.

To illustrate this point we will suppose that ten elections take place in as many towns, A to J, with the following results:—

Town.	Electorate.	Voting. Liberal.	Voting. Conservative.	Majority. Liberal.	Majority. Conservative.
A.	1,000	550	450	100	—
B.	2,000	1,050	950	100	—
C.	3,000	2,000	1,000	1,000	—
D.	4,000	1,000	3,000	—	2,000
E.	5,000	2,600	2,400	200	—
F.	6,000	3,100	2,900	200	—
G.	7,000	3,600	3,400	200	—
H.	8,000	4,100	3,900	200	—
I.	9,000	2,000	7,000	—	5,000
J.	10,000	4,000	6,000	—	2,000
	55,000	24,400	31,000	2,000	9,000

From which it plainly will be seen that whilst 31,000 electors return only *three* members, 24,400 return as many as *seven*, the Liberals having one member for every 3485.714285 votes, and the Conservatives only one member for each 10,333·3 votes. Redistribution, therefore, must be one of the planks of the Business Party's platform.

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IMPORTANT—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G, has this year been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new G at your stationers. Also ask him for Onoto Ink—the best for fountain and all other pens.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A Case of a Corset.

Sometimes girls are faced by very difficult questions while sadly young to cope with them. I have received a terribly depressed letter from a reader—a girl of sixteen. Her parents want to apprentice her to her aunt, who is a *corsetière*, and this lady has decided that the poor child's twenty-three-inch waist must be first reduced to sixteen inches; thus every week the stiff stays in which her unhappy little form has been encased are dragged half an inch tighter. Since the victim is evidently no admirer of the wasp-waist, she has not even gratified vanity to support her under the pain she is being made to suffer. Seriously, this is a hard case; not only health—and that means happiness—but life itself is being risked by this performance. When a woman's delicate internal machinery is treated with such brutal indifference, the works are liable to break down entirely at any moment. Only a week or so ago a girl serving in a London tea-shop ran upstairs quickly to a customer and dropped dead at the top, and at the inquest the doctor said it was entirely owing to tight-lacing. I once asked a *corsetière* the size of the smallest pair of stays she had ever made, and she told me a story of a man whom she believed was trying to murder his wife by this indirect means. He was encouraging her by presents of jewellery to reduce her waist-measure month by month, and finally he actually ordered for her a pair of fourteen-inch corsets. The *corsetière* said that the young wife looked such a wreck, and that though the corsets were duly made the name of the firm was not put inside lest the establishment should get into trouble at the inquest which it seemed certain must soon result. When the Sultana of Turkey was brought to England a few years ago she took back with her half-a-dozen pairs of stays, not to beautify her own figure, but to be used as instruments of torture for disobedient handmaidens at her Court. It is truly hard lines that a little English girl should be treated in the same way by her adult feminine relations. I can give my correspondent but one gleam of comfort. A tiny waist is quite likely to assist her in finding a husband—though whether the sort of man who chooses a wife for the sake of her fashion-plate figure is worth the having is yet another question.

Tea-Jackets.

These useful little articles present themselves for public patronage under quite a variety of names; sometimes they choose to be known as "coffee-coats," then they re-appear as "bridge-coats," and anon as "*négligés*." But, in any case, they are the same in idea and general outline—loose, flowing, dainty and pre-eminently comfortable. There is a decided charm about a garment that is not always altering to the caprice of Fashion to more than a very limited extent, though, of course, if any particular style is rampant, the up-to-date tea-jacket endeavours to show that it knows "what's what." For instance, the high-waisted style is prevalent among *négligés* just now, and lends itself particularly well to this type of garment. A charming model in coffee-coloured lace was made up over silk shot, blue and green. The long, loosely-falling sleeves were unlined, allowing the white arm to gleam between the meshes. A band of folded silk came round under the bust, tying in front with hanging ends reaching to the knees, there ending in chenille tassels. A fichu of lace with long stole ends was bordered on the inner side with bands of silk elaborately embroidered in blue and gold, touched up with pearl beads. Over the chest was a little chemisette of delicately-folded *crêpe-de-chine* of the palest green. Another sweet model of soft pink surah was draped over to the left side of the bust, fastening under an elaborate ornament of crystal and coral. It was cut quite short at front and back, but at the sides the material fell in points to well below the knees, where it was weighted and smartened at one and the same time by big tassels. Wherever the material had an edge it was bordered by really beautifully artistic passementerie in which coral and crystals played a prominent part. The sleeves, tight-fitting and very long, were rucked up their length and had a band of the lovely—and expensive—trimming running down the back.

A Dish that Men Like.

Take the slices of undercut and brown them in a frying-pan with a small portion of butter. Put them into a casserole together with any butter that is left in the frying-pan and add enough good stock to nearly cover them. To this add a dozen small mushrooms or some larger ones cut into pieces; add salt and pepper, and cook either on the top of a small fire or in the oven.

£1,000 for £10

"Lotisico" Policies

Premium paid in monthly or quarterly instalments.

Cash Availability! All loss excluded! Prospectus free on application from

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46, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

PIANISTS' EYES

require to be trained as well as their fingers, if they wish to enjoy the delights which the ability to play at sight readily never fails to give. Indeed, the perfect co-ordination of fingers and eyes may be said to constitute the basis of Sight-Playing.

Sight-Playing is an act of the fingers and arms, a combination of muscular actions, performed at the suggestion of the notes or "symbols" on the sheet of music. It must, therefore, be the business of a commonsense system to establish an automatic and instantaneous connection between the musical symbols and the muscular actions which they represent.

The Ehremayer System of Pianoforte Sight-Playing

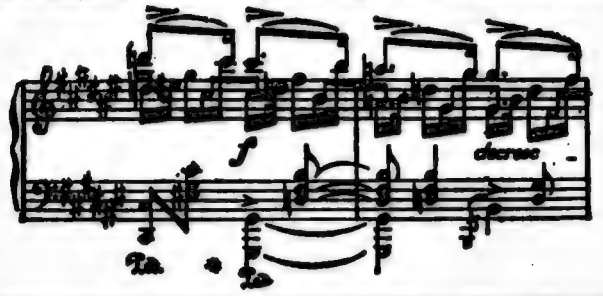
does this in a remarkably short time, thanks to the application of certain fundamental—but hitherto neglected—scientific principles.

You can obtain a full and interesting description of the System by writing for post free booklet (illustrated). The fee for the Complete Course of Six Fortnightly Lessons is £3 3s., and may be paid by instalments if desired.

'W. H. L." (London, S W.), reports 'FTER FIRST LESSON :—

"I am delighted to tell you I feel so improved with the First Lesson, and am surprised myself at being able to read chords so much better."

L. B. Ehremayer, Lonsdale Chambers, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.



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'Allenburys' The DIET

A Unique and Light Diet for Invalids and Dyspeptics.

It is very sustaining and nourishing, is readily taken by those who cannot digest cow's milk, and is especially useful for the aged as a light supper repast. It can be made in a minute, the addition of boiling water only being necessary. In tins, 1/6 and 3/-, of Chemists.

A large sample for three penny stamps to cover postage.

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The Man in The Car

Frequently finds that upkeep is

Costing too Much

If he is desirous of curtailing expense in this direction he will write or call at once for our new copiously illustrated Catalogue—"Everything for the Motorist," which is the most comprehensive Motor Catalogue ever published.

We Send it Gratis and Post Free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd. Holborn, London, E.C. = **BENETFINK, Ltd.** Cheapside, London, E.C.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Was the Budget purposely delayed until after the Cup Final?

Will the Naval Inquiry put Sir John Fisher out?

Won't walking six miles for it make a man want more drink?

What does Holland think of heirship invasion?

Was the Adelphi's reply to the Censor's strictures a plain invitation to go to "The Devil"?

Are those who object that the Daylight Bill would interfere with the meridians, mere-idiots?

Are the Boy Scouts on the Continent performing a pilgrimage to Baden-Baden?

Has the great whisky fire caused low spirits in Belfast?

How will the Church like being "Welshed"?

Does the Premier really think two *heads* are better than one?

"Chains" is the title of a four-act play. It should hold the audience.

The L.C.C. steamboats are to be sold by auction, so they will soon be "Going" once more.

The national colour of Ireland is not green, as is commonly supposed, but blue. The latter is much more appropriate.

Asked if he were sober, a witness at North London replied, "No, sir, I am Irish." By birth or absorption?

The American lady shorthand champion has a speed of 264 words per minute. This wants some taking down.

"Shrieking has from time immemorial been the undoing of woman," says Lady Desart. Also the doing.

"Love letters are essentially private," says the *Lady's Pictorial*. Just so; not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

The rector of Alderley has a conscientious objection to marriage or burial fees. He gives his parishioners their rites.

"'Man' Embraces Woman," reads an *Express* headline. Certainly it is one of the best ways to get round her.

"Shall we bioscope?" was doubtless how the proposal to purchase a cinematograph was introduced by the Yarmouth Corporation.

"Racing Train on Fire," we read. The pace must have been hot.

Girl typists are said to be indignant at the suggestion that they should wear a uniform. But it would "suit" them.

"What the Navy Means," reads a heading. Business, we trust.

MORE SCHOOL HOWLERS:—

"The only amusement Noah had in the Ark was fishing; but there were only two worms."

"Water turns black when you put your hands in it."

"When Napoleon retreated from Moscow he said, 'It is magnificent, but it is not war.'"

"On his death-bed, King George the Third said, 'Now I shall have no more peace.'"

"Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked."

"To sweep a room, you should cover the furniture with something, then carefully sweep it into a dustpan and throw it out of window."

"Cheese is as wholesome as 8½ pounds of beef."

"Beef is a useful article of food obtained from cows, sheep, pigs, etc."

"The lean of beef belongs to the animal kingdom, and the fat to the vegetable kingdom."

"Butter is good for the brain."

"Milk is called a model food because it models the form of the child."

"If a man lives without food for, say, sixty days, he will die at the end of a month; or, if the constitution is delicate, he may only live for a week, or less."

"A girl is not an animal, a mineral, nor a vegetable; she is called a wench."

"'Vere novo gelidus canis lineæ it in montibus humor' means, 'Of a truth I know the cool dog takes the waters on the mountains by way of a joke.'"

WELL-KNOWN MEN WHO WEAR CURZON'S GOLD MEDAL TAILORING.

Dr. Allinson. Mr. Eustace Miles. Mr. Dudley Hardy. Mr. Lionel Brough. Mr. R. G. Knowles. Mr. Montague Holbein. Mr. Carl Hertz. Rev. Canon Davidson. J. P. Downey, M.P. Hon. C. E. Foster, M.P.

Why not let us make your clothes?

£4-4-0 SUIT for £2-5-0.

(The quality of these goods is identical with those sold by West End Houses at £4-4-0). It will pay you to investigate this. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned. Ask for our "J.B." range of Patterns.

"THERE'S COMFORT IN THE CURZON CUT."

We supply you with a smart Suit, cut in latest style, fitting you perfectly. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned. Send Postcard for Free Patterns. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement tape measure; all sent free and carriage paid.

"There's Comfort in the Curzon Cut."

Awarded Gold Medal, Franco-British Exhibition.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. £5,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine. Those residing in London should call.

Complete Satisfaction Given or we Refund Money.

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Please mention this Paper.

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The Steck has always been a great Piano. In its earlier days it was eulogised by such great musicians as Wagner and Liszt. But in what the Steck is to-day lies its greatest claim to your consideration. It is a piano of altogether exceptional merit, a piano which Grieg characterised as a remarkably fine instrument. You are invited to call and play the Steck at Æolian Hall, and to write for Steck Catalogue "H.H."

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"THE WORST MAN IN EUROPE."

Chapter I.—How he broke a Queen's Heart.

Do not fail to read this amazing and true story in

1d. THE COMET 1d.

OUT TO-DAY.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work **when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.**

WITH reference to a paragraph in our issue of last week, relating to a bell-ringing case at Hendford we regret that—in common with several of our contemporaries—we were misled by a newspaper cutting into attributing responsibility for the prosecution to the Vicar of that town. As a matter of fact, the clergyman who initiated the proceedings was simply a clerical resident there, and we much regret any annoyance which has been caused to the Vicar (the Rev. Gilbert Robins), who, in his own words, "would not like to take a child into Court."

E. P. (Brighton).—We do not recommend advertising tipsters.

J. H. S. (Tulse Hill) says "It is absurd to label trams as going to Victoria. There is no such place that I know of except in Australia. They might as well say a tram going to Waterloo Station is going to Waterloo."

"CHARITY WITH COMMON SENSE" says Wm. Pooley, of Upton Park, is not a proper person to receive contributions from the charitably inclined.

H. M. (River Niger).—Thanks for sending us the local coins.

W. H. M. (Coventry.—We have made further enquiries and find you are right—the more recently established concern has bought up the old one.

J. G. (Tweedmouth).—Vicars *will* be vicars!

"BULLITE" objects to railway companies requiring deposits on season tickets, and thinks interest ought to be paid, particularly when tickets have been renewed for many years. No doubt many deposits remain unclaimed in cases of death.

"CHAUFFEUR" answered an advertisement and received a circular from Rugby's Garage Directory (49, Perkins Street, Coventry) asking him to fill up a form and pay a fee. Other chauffeurs told him they paid a fee a year ago, and heard no more.

A. S. F. (Manchester) quarrels with Jim Crow about the teachings of Pope Gregory II. When theologians differ, it is not for us to dogmatise.

W. D. (New Oxford Street) quotes from "Girls' Gossip" in *Truth* about a 27-in. waist measure being "an inch less than Milo GAVE HIS Venus." Evidently a goak.

T. F. (Drury Lane) says there are dozens of respectable working men who would gladly replace the messenger boys who are sent to secure seats in theatres, and that if any of our readers want a lad 43 years of age to act for them, he is at their service. He asks whether he would be any worse off "if a battalion of German sausages" were to gallop up Fleet Street one fine morning. That depends whether they introduced Protection.

J. W. (Reading) was puzzled by a prescription for rheumatism published as an advertisement in the *Daily Mail*. He asks "Is it pure goodness of heart, unalloyed kindness on the part of some good soul seeking to benefit suffering humanity?" Not much. The prescription contained a proprietary drug of unknown composition, which would have to be purchased from the advertiser at a high price.

J. H. T. (Hove).—Why do you accuse this nation of lethargy? Are you a Little Englander?

F. B. (Leeds) says "A comparison of the average Cockney, or the working masses in our big towns, with the Germans, is in favour of conscription, quick." But, steady on!

L. P. (Canonbury).—It is an old trick to advertise a loan of £5 for 12 monthly payments of 8s. 4d. The £5 would not be paid in full, philanthropists being rare.

M. C. (Chester).—No doubt it is hard on a man being prevented from going to work because his wife has scarlet fever, but it would be harder on the other workers if they caught the disease.

E. S. B. (Upper Clapton Road).—Why shouldn't the young lady's lips be between her teeth, always supposing her teeth were her own?

E. B. (Glasgow).—You must be more cannie next time. Never pay for photographic enlargements when you have been told there is no charge. We note that your grievance is against McMillan and Rodgers, 2, Oswald Street, Glasgow, but we make no charge against them until you give us documentary evidence.

P. A. S. (West Bridgford).—Surely Jersey cows are properly classified as musical instruments, particularly when they are in milk.

MRS. P. (Horley).—We have read your interesting story. Why not sue for the three years' wages?

G. W. L. (Liverpool) sends circulars from Charles Newland (matrimonial agent), 98, Third Avenue, Manor Park. The worst of it is that he wants £5 down before he will move his little finger.

F. H. (Brockley) was disgusted to find the *Free Press* of his locality cost ½d.

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For Cash or Gradual Payments, with no extra charge whatsoever.

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FURNISHING CO., LTD.,

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TESTIMONIAL.

The Arcade,
Lord Street,
Liverpool,
24/11/08.

GENTLEMEN,
Received this morning the Engraving "Goring-on-Thames," and am very pleased with it. I should be glad if you would send me the companion to it, for which I enclose P.O. value 1/6.

Yours truly,
W. TELFORD.

The Coupon is worth 1/6.

JOHN BULL. **READER'S PRIVILEGE COUPON.** MAY 1, 1909.

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CUT THIS OUT.

TESTIMONIAL.

Church Drive,
Daybrook,
Nottingham,
Dec. 8, '08.

GENTLEMEN,
I thank you for the Free Engraving received, which is excellent. I enclose P.O. Order for 1/6 for the companion, "Departing Day at Tintern."

Yours faithfully,
FRED. TATHAM.

IMPORTANT. **Readers requiring a SECOND copy, or the companion subject entitled "Departing Day at Tintern" (also by B. W. Leader, R.A.), must remit 1/6 for same.**

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"Queue" (Wandsworth).—Yes, we agree with the Theatre Reform League. Only we would go further and abolish many of the theatres altogether if the reform could be carried by peaceful persuasion.

"Broken Heart" writes: "I arose with a most celestial feeling this morning, and when, upon the breakfast table, I saw John Bull, murmured, 'Ah moon of my delight that knows no wane,' picked it up, patted it to my chest, opened it, and there before my astonished eyes appeared the picture of Carrie and Jim. Alas! alas! Jim, filled with the old familiar juice. How often does he lean awry? What will the subtle alchemist transmute him into if he goes on like his? How often is he within the tavern caught? The vine has, alas! alas! struck a fibre in his being. And alas! alas! (this is my last alas) if he really looks like that please take him away quickly, and bury him by some sweet garden side." But Jim swears it is a foul libel and a ghastly Carrie-cature.

J. H. C. (Nico Perez, Uruguay).—Thanks for Nico compliments. What a nice world it would be if foreigners did pay customs' dues.

G. L. (Edmonton), J. T. S. (Leeds), and many others can't get their prize money from the Crown Cigarette Co. (King Street, Cheapside).

"Unlucky" (Hornsey Rise) wants us to have 100 ballot nos. of 10s. What do other readers say?

Mrs. B. (Tottenham) sent money to Fred Bennett (china and earthenware dealer, 37, Beresford Street, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent), but received no goods. A county court summons resulted in the discovery that there was nothing on which to distrain. Yet Bennett is still sending out circulars.

"Pro Bono Publico" has an invention for railway signalling. Why not send it to the Board of Trade, and mention our name?

D. A. D. (Newport) writes: "As for J. Crow, I can't for the life of me make sure when he is in earnest and when in jest." But what does it matter?

H. P. (South Bromley) read in *Answers* that hair grows at the rate of 13 millionths of a yard per second. This, he says, amounts to nearly eight yards per week. No wonder the barbers are busy.

Rev. E. J. P. (New Cross) writes with reference to our remark that, if we must be preached at, let it be by men who know something of this world. He says that Nonconformists, being "called" to the ministry, have nearly always had a good secular training instead of being brought up from their youth to be pastors and preachers.

"Fairplay" (Aberdeen) writes: "Many thanks for kind invite to come away from Aberdeen, but unfortunately I cannot do so, because as far as I can see I'm in for a life sentence. There are two thoughts ever present in an Aberdonian's mind—'Sunday clothes' and 'the Cop dividend.' Aberdonians are the dressiest people under the sun on *Sundays only!* The churches here are centres of fashion, where the latest styles are shown to advantage. Cars are packed with these goody-goody folks going to and from church. It isn't a sin to run cars on Sunday, but if it were suggested that a train might run up Deeside on the Sabbath Day those hypocrites would raise their hands in holy horror, and protest heatedly against such an idea. 'The Cop Dividend' means Heaven on Earth to the Aberdonians. It is their dearest thought of all, in fact it is the only god they truly worship. As the sunshine is life to the flowers, so is 'the Cop Dividend' the one incentive in life to the Aberdonian. 'Put a little bit away for a rainy day' goes the song—I guess the Aberdonians have put enough away to see them through a second Deluge! N.B.—'Cop' means Aberdeen Co-operative Society."

E. S. (Peckham) says there is a West Street in Reigate.

D. H. (Carville) complains of Leyton and Co.'s trouser-buttons.

H. M. O. (Lechdale).—We cannot believe that the Harmsworths have taken to usury.

H. M. (Newport).—"Malcadministration" and "maladministration" are sometimes identical, as Johnny Walker's dictionary reminds you.

"Chloe" (Sheffield).—Those were not Jim's sentiments. He has been away in Timbuctoo or would have answered sooner. He will only return the photograph in person.

S. W. C. (Denver, Colorado) has taken the trouble to inform us that he admires Birmingham, and Mr. Chamberlain. Then why stay so far away?

R. L. C. (Brixton) thinks that, when he has purchased a ticket for the underground, he ought to have proper accommodation.

V. H. (Manor Park).—Biscuits are their own and only reward. Besides, crowds sent that one.

F. A. B. (Old Jewry) has found a District Railway car, marked "smoking" outside and containing a prohibition against smoking inside. What an opportunity for mild recriminations!

M. D. (Dublin) protests against our "Idiotic mispelling (*sic*) of some words," and says we have "created more indigation (*sic*) than fun." Bedad!

G. W. (Swansea).—Your paper patriotism should find favour with the yellow press. We are sorry to hear that Swansea keeps such a goose.

N. P. (New Oxford Street).—We regret we cannot recommend you "one or two superior Bohemian (Gentlemen) Clubs not too expensive." Why not join the Savage, and drop your gentility?

H. E. R. writes: "Your recent cartoon of Jim Crow reminds me of that celebrated writer, Geo. Augustus Sala. Is he any relation?" *Sala va sans dire.*

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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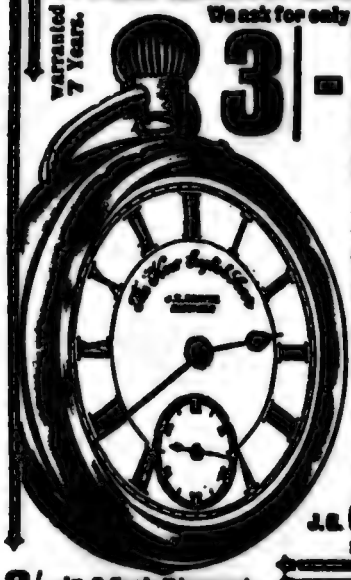

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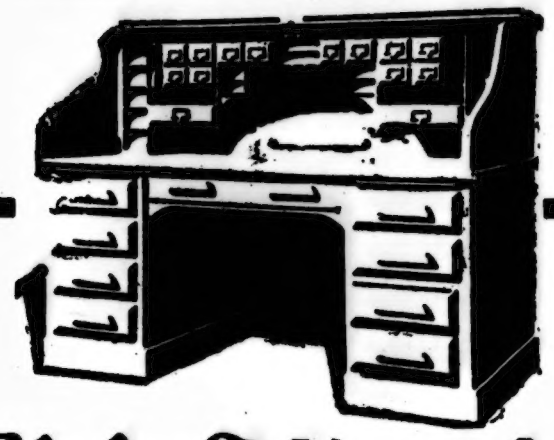

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
(*"Larry Lynx" of* THE PEOPLE, *and "Magpie" of* THE GLOBE.)

Prophetic.

Should it be considered good enough for him, ELECTRIC BOY must win the Brinkley Handicap to-day (Thursday), for he is quite a good-class colt—and may even be placed in the Derby. In Friday's three-year-old handicap, MOORLAND LAD has a chance, for he was very badly hampered at Sandown, and so, too, must MARATHON II. (if not too badly disgraced or penalised in his earlier race whilst these notes are in the Press) in the Welter. Everybody will, of course, hope that His Majesty will win the One Thousand Guineas with PRINCESS DE GALLES, whatever may have been the fate of Minoru in tackling Bayardo for the Two Thousand Guineas. The best day's programme is that at Hurst Park on Saturday, for the Victoria Cup is an extraordinarily open handicap. I have heard the race termed a "benefit" for quite a dozen animals—among them the Lincoln winner, Duke of Sparta, and Arranmore, who have each gained 14 lb. penalties. On strict form, neither should now hold Longcroft, who must, moreover, be fitter than at Lincoln, but on what we saw in public at Esher, nothing can possibly give the weight to the three-year-old,

JACKSON,

for with a 5 lb. penalty, he still only carries 7 st. which would be equivalent to putting Sealed Orders in at 7 lbs. under the very *minimum* weight. Wootton will ride Seaham, who is fancied, and thus the gray's handling may be left to Heckford, who ought to know that the horse is not an easy mount.

Ten days ahead it is imperative to write concerning the Chester Cup, in which I can foresee

ASTICOT

running prominently, and probably with even slightly better fortune than last year. The danger to the little horse, who stays well and is thoroughly handy, is from Robinson's best, Spate, or Blind Hookey and Mercredi. The Jubilee Stakes I can fortunately discuss in next week's issue, but unquestionably the lesson learnt at Epsom was that whatever beats

EBOR

will win either this event or the Newmarket Handicap, according to which race Mr. Bendon's three-year-old goes for.

KEMPTON PARK,

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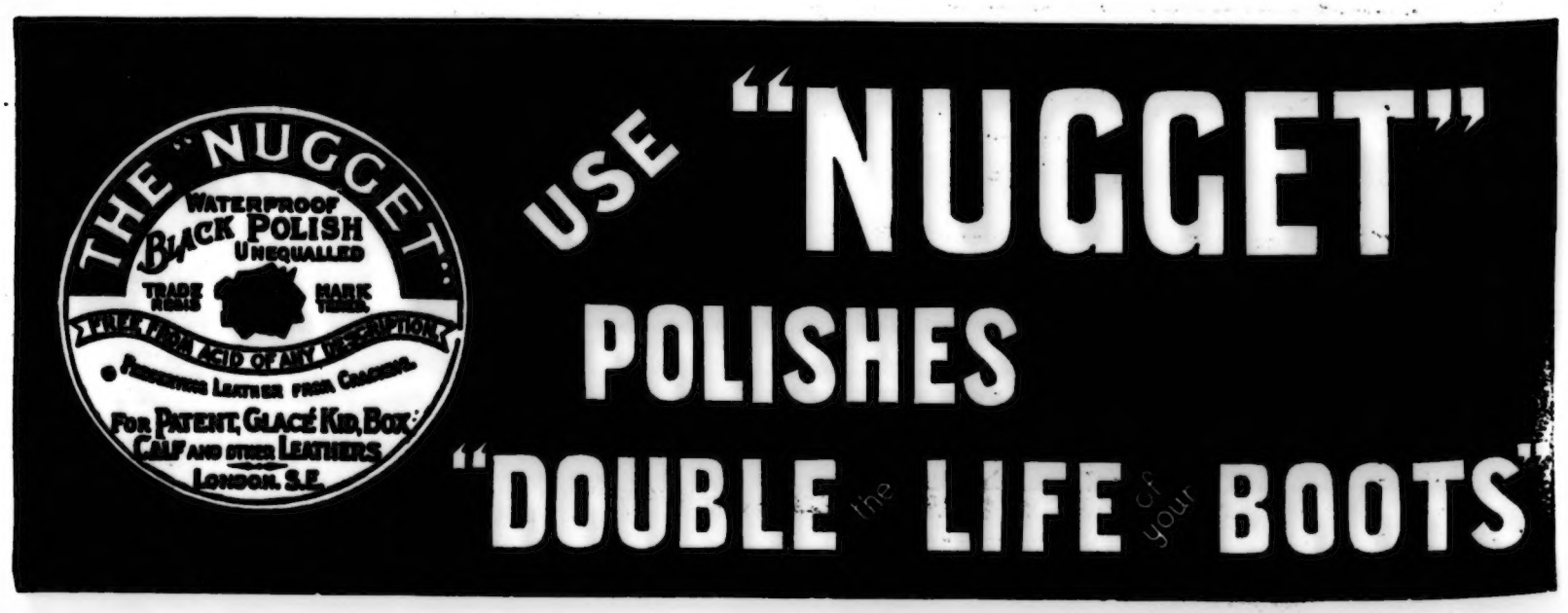

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The following claims have been received for the issue of March 13th:—

ROBERT HENDRY, 4, Lawrence Street, Dundee. (No. 139587.)

JAMES A. TREEN, 19, Battery Terrace, Thornbury, Bradford, Yorks. (No. 100342.)

The following claims have been received for the issue of March 20th:—

FRED TAYLOR, 308, Queen's Road, Battersea Park, S.W. (No. 211486.)

F. G. CROCKER, c.o. The National Telephone Company, Ltd., Telephone House, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. (No. 113529.)

JAMES DONOVAN, 16, Sutherland Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne. (No. 91062.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 27th:—

476; 701; 11968; 13620; 15692; 23976; 36235; 38714; 40090; 47810; 49972; 53986; 60001; 67482; 72304; 72867; 72913; 81118; 84245; 100217; 101132; 108327; 116116; 127101; 141360; 143690; 153016; 159862; 168793; 176408; 179803; 183469; 190118; 199463; 206379; 213385; 224112; 228067; 235970; 238416; 241003; 243469; 254469; 256870; 256871; 262014; 270132; 284689; 284734; 296843

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 6TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 3RD).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

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Lockyer's Hair Restorer Darkens Grey Hair to its former colour in a few days. Large bottles everywhere 1/6. Sent by post for amount, privately packed, from Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E.

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THE STANDARD CURE IS

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when disfiguring, irritating Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Acne, Blackheads, &c., are prevalent, everyone should apply Sulpholine, and get their skin into the soft, clear, supple, attractive condition designed by Nature.

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INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER AND STOMACH ILLS,
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